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WHILE WE'RE DANCING

By JANE SIMPSON

NOW while your partner is bawling "The Bells Are Ringing the Old Year Out" and the tablecloth is getting crumpled and the orchestra weary and your husband begins to look silly, not gay, in his paper hat . . . comes the sudden cold feeling that it's time you took stock.

Once it was resolutions. You passed that stage early. At least you stopped making those about being nice to Cousin Sylvia and getting up early to help with the housework; and started on such selfish plans as going to the hairdresser more often.

Then the war. It looked as if there mightn't be any more New Years.

Well, here you are, my girl, here's another. Not quite the plastic and nylon set-up as per blueprint, but still, a New Year.

Let's not think about atoms and rockets. We can't put the world right, can we? But surely we can do something about these little nibbling signs of the passing years, such as talking to ourself.

There was a time when you came to a night-club like this, and thought, lovely, lovely! You were a bit sorry for all the silly-looking middle-aged people there, but it was nice to know they enjoyed themselves.

"Did they, though?" you wonder, as you try to concentrate on the story the man in the next chair is telling. It is something about what he said to a traffic cop in 1935 when he was pulled on St. Kilda Road for speeding. It must have been witty, because he can hardly tell it for laughing.

Once you would have fixed an admiring gaze all through. Maybe not quite listened, but at least made praising noises at intervals.

And now what happens? Someone starts to hold forth on what De Gaulle should have done in France, or how to settle the Indian problem, and the little woman says "Rubbish," like that.

Well, now, be honest! Is it a more intelligent approach?

Supposing you hadn't been lucky enough to strike a husband who says, "You do prattle, don't you, dear?" in an affectionate, absent-minded way, where would you be to-day?

By the way, he has danced three times already with the single blonde in the party. She's not bad looking.

And she doesn't contradict people. It could be that what the bloke said about De Gaulle wasn't rubbish. If he weren't so shocked by your sharpness, he might ask you to give him a survey of French politics. And what could you do about that?

Gentlemen prefer—

AH, the St. Kilda Road King is asking you to dance. Don't say your feet hurt. You can go on with this self-examination while you're dancing, and at the same time show a little gratitude.

Just think, he probably finds you worse than you find him!

Besides you can keep an eye on your husband. You're not jealous, of course. He's darn lucky to have a wife as smart as you are. Or is he?

The blonde isn't saying a thing, not a thing. She's hanging on his words, and has just laughed uproariously at a joke he's been telling. Probably the one about the pigeon at that. Imagine how she can still laugh at that. Why, let's see, 1938, wasn't it?

But take another look. That rapt expression on her face. You remember how that's done, don't you?

Heaven knows you used to be expert yourself at running through the laundry list and the month's bills in your mind, while still keeping an avid look on your face.

Wake up, my girl. Your partner was just kind enough to remark that was a pretty dress you're wearing. "Is it?" you said, in a disinterested voice. It's a wonder he's kind enough to say that much. He wouldn't if he knew all.

Thank heavens he can't know about your habit of muttering imprecations at taxis and women who shove you round in the street.

Once you only thought, "Silly old so-and-so," when someone pushed ahead of you at the counter.

Yesterday it's odds-on that the dame in front did hear. And this is no place to record what you said to the taxi that nearly ran you down.

Giving way to the years, that's what you're doing. What a dill pickle you'll be by the time you're forty.

Remember how you used to go fishing with your husband? You didn't really like it, but he was so pleased it used to seem worthwhile. And in the morning he read bits out of the paper, a tiresome habit, until one day you said, "I've plenty of time to read the paper after you've gone, dear!"

In fact, looked at squarely, you were a nice, amiable little thing. Maybe resolutions weren't such a bad idea at that. They might do more for you than all the cosmetics you got at Christmas.

You could make a start by practising on your partner. Ask him if he doesn't dance an awful lot to dance so well . . .

There, he's beaming. Says as a matter of fact he doesn't get much time now. He's been so busy. Yes, his factory's been flat out on conversion.

Go on, ask him what they're making. Pretend you're fascinated with his views on industrial problems . . .

The music's stopped. Your partner is telling your husband what an interesting woman you are. Your husband looks faintly surprised. He has no doubt been thinking how interesting the silent blonde is.

Ah, well, he's asking you for the last dance. Don't tell him your plans for reform. He might think you're sick. Just break it to him gradually.

It's from the staff . . . they say . . . "Install Philips — or else!"

Imperfect lighting means peeved personnel. Few things are more irksome than eye-strain. To provide inadequate lighting in any home, factory or office where "seeing" really counts is to invite endless trouble.

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THE LITTLE SCOUTS

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CLEANSES . BEAUTIFIES . PRESERVES

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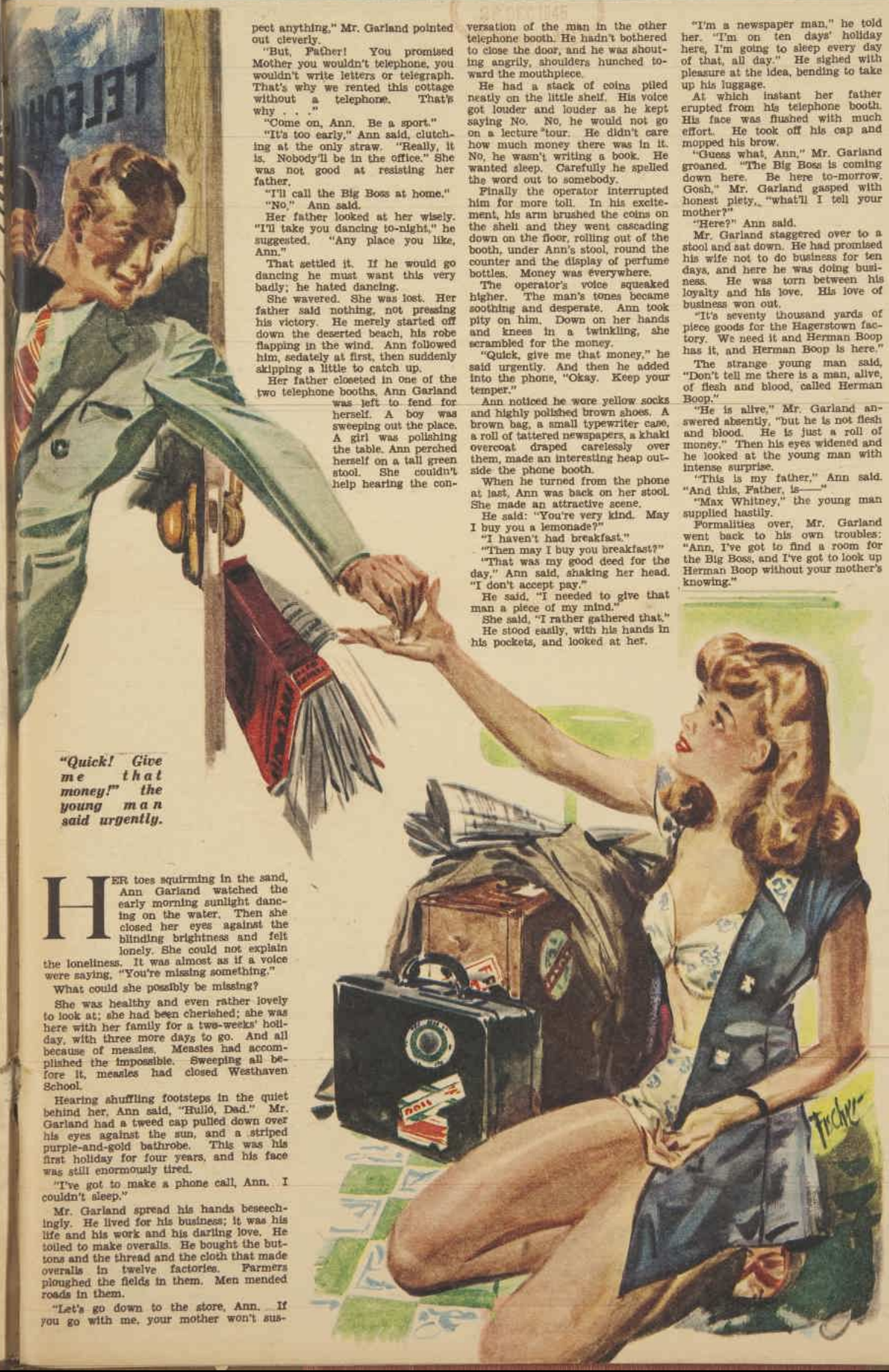
SUMMER HOLIDAY

By . . . MOSSER MAUGER



"Quick! Give me that money!" the young man said urgently.

HER toes squirming in the sand, Ann Garland watched the early morning sunlight dancing on the water. Then she closed her eyes against the blinding brightness and felt lonely. She could not explain the loneliness. It was almost as if a voice were saying, "You're missing something."

What could she possibly be missing?

She was healthy and even rather lovely to look at; she had been cherished; she was here with her family for a two-weeks' holiday, with three more days to go. And all because of measles. Measles had accomplished the impossible. Sweeping all before it, measles had closed Westhaven School.

Hearing shuffling footsteps in the quiet behind her, Ann said, "Hullo, Dad." Mr. Garland had a tweed cap pulled down over his eyes against the sun, and a striped purple-and-gold bathrobe. This was his first holiday for four years, and his face was still enormously tired.

"I've got to make a phone call, Ann. I couldn't sleep."

Mr. Garland spread his hands beseechingly. He lived for his business; it was his life and his work and his darling love. He toiled to make overalls. He bought the buttons and the thread and the cloth that made overalls in twelve factories. Farmers ploughed the fields in them. Men mended roads in them.

"Let's go down to the store, Ann. If you go with me, your mother won't suspect anything," Mr. Garland pointed out cleverly.

"But, Father! You promised Mother you wouldn't telephone, you wouldn't write letters or telegraph. That's why we rented this cottage without a telephone. That's why . . ."

"Come on, Ann. Be a sport."

"It's too early," Ann said, clutching at the only straw. "Really, it is. Nobody'll be in the office." She was not good at resisting her father.

"I'll call the Big Boss at home."

"No," Ann said.

Her father looked at her wisely. "I'll take you dancing to-night," he suggested. "Any place you like, Ann."

That settled it. If he would go dancing he must want this very badly; he hated dancing.

She wavered. She was lost. Her father said nothing, not pressing his victory. He merely started off down the deserted beach, his robe flapping in the wind. Ann followed him, sedately at first, then suddenly skipping a little to catch up.

Her father closeted in one of the two telephone booths, Ann Garland was left to fend for herself. A boy was sweeping out the place. A girl was polishing the table. Ann perched herself on a tall green stool. She couldn't help hearing the conversation of the man in the other telephone booth. He hadn't bothered to close the door, and he was shouting angrily, shoulders hunched toward the mouthpiece.

He had a stack of coins piled neatly on the little shelf. His voice got louder and louder as he kept saying No. No, he would not go on a lecture tour. He didn't care how much money there was in it. No, he wasn't writing a book. He wanted sleep. Carefully he spelled the word out to somebody.

Finally the operator interrupted him for more toll. In his excitement, his arm brushed the coins on the shelf and they went cascading down on the floor, rolling out of the booth, under Ann's stool, round the counter and the display of perfume bottles. Money was everywhere.

The operator's voice squeaked higher. The man's tones became soothing and desperate. Ann took pity on him. Down on her hands and knees in a twinkling, she scrambled for the money.

"Quick, give me that money," he said urgently. And then he added into the phone, "Okay. Keep your temper."

Ann noticed he wore yellow socks and highly polished brown shoes. A brown bag, a small typewriter case, a roll of tattered newspapers, a khaki overcoat draped carelessly over them, made an interesting heap outside the phone booth.

When he turned from the phone at last, Ann was back on her stool. She made an attractive scene.

He said: "You're very kind. May I buy you a lemonade?"

"I haven't had breakfast."

"Then may I buy you breakfast?"

"That was my good deed for the day," Ann said, shaking her head. "I don't accept pay."

He said, "I needed to give that man a piece of my mind."

She said, "I rather gathered that."

He stood easily, with his hands in his pockets, and looked at her.

"I'm a newspaper man," he told her. "I'm on ten days' holiday here, I'm going to sleep every day of that, all day." He sighed with pleasure at the idea, bending to take up his luggage.

At which instant her father erupted from his telephone booth. His face was flushed with much effort. He took off his cap and mopped his brow.

"Guess what, Ann," Mr. Garland groaned. "The Big Boss is coming down here. Be here to-morrow. Gosh," Mr. Garland gasped with honest piety, "what'll I tell your mother?"

"Here?" Ann said.

Mr. Garland staggered over to a stool and sat down. He had promised his wife not to do business for ten days, and here he was doing business. He was torn between his loyalty and his love. His love of business won out.

"It's seventy thousand yards of piece goods for the Hagerstown factory. We need it and Herman Boop has it, and Herman Boop is here."

The strange young man said, "Don't tell me there is a man, alive, of flesh and blood, called Herman Boop."

"He is alive," Mr. Garland answered absently, "but he is not flesh and blood. He is just a roll of money." Then his eyes widened and he looked at the young man with intense surprise.

"This is my father," Ann said. "And this, Father, is——"

"Max Whitney," the young man supplied hastily.

Formalities over, Mr. Garland went back to his own troubles: "Ann, I've got to find a room for the Big Boss, and I've got to look up Herman Boop without your mother's knowing."

"You won't find a room," Max Whitney said. He wrinkled up his nose in evident distaste. "These outrageously dear foxholes with hot and cold running water are all booked up. I know. I—"

Frowning, Mr. Garland said, "Listen, Ann. There's got to be a room. I may be too old for that board of directors that meets to-morrow, but sweet dahlia!—I'm not too old to find a room."

"Age," Max Whitney said, "is a state of mind. Age is not a matter of years."

They eyed Max Whitney. They began, collectively and at once, to like Max Whitney very much.

"But about that room," Max persisted, "I myself slept on a park bench last night." Again he began gathering up his luggage for departure. "Going back there, too. Probably have that as a permanent address for two weeks."

"And imagine!" Ann said. "We have a room we aren't even——" Father and daughter exchanged glances.

They had the same idea. Nevertheless, it was up to her father to extend the invitation.

"We've only three more days to stay," Mr. Garland began hesitatingly, "but if you'd care to have the room. That is, if you'd like——"

Light came over Max's face. He said to Ann, "Does he mean it? My gosh, does your father mean it?"

"Come on, boy," Mr. Garland ordered impatiently. "Let's see what Mrs. Garland says about you." And without more ado he led the way homeward, his daughter having to skip now and then to keep up with the swift pace and the newspaperman striding along beside her.

Mrs. Garland was a small-boned woman, very fair, rather younger than her husband, whose whole impulse was kindness. Her kindness was a personal kindness, to be offered with her own hands, and Mrs. Garland enjoyed nothing more than looking after people.

And when she beheld Max Whitney, she saw that he needed looking after. She saw it instantly and overwhelmingly.

Max was sweet to her. He allowed himself to be bossed; he chuckled and was pleased and winked only once behind her back at her daughter. Ann was not startled. Ann shook her head warningly, turning down the top sheet of the spare-room bed.

"I think a nice swim," Mrs. Garland said, "is what you need first. Julius will loan you a pair of his trunks."

Protesting availed nothing: Max must go swimming. Tucked into one of Mr. Garland's two-sizes-too-large bathing suits, Max ran elegantly into the waves after Ann. Ann was like a dolphin in the sea. She frolicked. She was here, there, and everywhere, Max trying to follow.

She swam far out and began to feel unreasonably gay. Then she came slowly back to shallow water, and lay exactly where she was, with the warm green waves washing over her.

"You do that beautifully," Max said. His short blond hair stood on end; he looked up from playing jacks in the sand.

"I ought to. I teach it."

"Swimming?"

"Swimming," Ann said, "at the Westhaven school."

He frowned against the sun. "I suppose the little darlings have doting papas stuffed with greenbacks, and hunger is a word they learn to spell in the second grade."

Ann said, shaking the water out of her ears and getting herself to a standing position, "On the contrary, Mr. Whitney. They are all underprivileged children. Some of them have never even seen a pool." Then she relented. "Mother always makes me wash my hands with strong soap every evening when I come home."

Please turn to page 4

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GUARANTEED TO OUTLAST THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT

Summer Holiday

Continued from page 3

He flung sand at her. Ann dodged, and they were off, screaming like wild healthy children, for the house. They met her mother coming out, laden with a tray, and managed to pull themselves up short. But they could not stop laughing. Breakfast was eaten picnic fashion under the big orange beach umbrella. Ann and the guest sat cross-legged in the bright sunlight, wolfing down bacon and eggs and toast and coffee cake.

"You people are much too nice," Max said. He was exceedingly grave now. "This reminds me of my first picnic."

Mrs. Garland nodded complacently. "Does it? I'm so glad."

"I was fifteen," Max said, not speaking to Ann but meaning that Ann should hear it. He put down his coffee cup and accepted a piece of coffee cake. "There were ten in my family. My father was a bricklayer and my mother was Irish. Three girls, the rest boys." Max spoke thickly, his voice a little blurred with the memory: "We played in the street. We ate, not always enough, but we ate. Then when I was fifteen, that summer," Max said, "my brother Louis had a car. He'd put it together from junk heaps."

Ann's father moved his shoulders understandingly. "I had one of the first cars when I was very young," he said.

After a pause, Max went on. "Louis took us all out to the country. We had a picnic. Nothing like this," Max said, munching cake.

Mr. Garland asked about the war. Max answered dryly, and Ann saw that it was a torture to him, that he was sick of war. Sick in a way that words could not describe.

In an effort to distract her father, Ann interrupted, "Have you forgotten? About to-night, Father?"

Her father looked decidedly sheepish, averting his face from his wife. "I was just going to ask Max if he would go with us. I promised Ann to take her dancing. Don't you think it would be nice, Martha?"

"Why, Julius!" She was utterly amazed. "Of course! But I thought . . ."

Mr. Garland smiled. "A little fun hurts no one. Will you come with us, Max?"

Max Whitney glanced fleetingly at the girl. "If I can keep my eyes open," Max teased, as one might mock a very small child who is quaintly amusing.

Abruptly, then, the two men decided they were wasting time; they should be sleeping! They helped gather up the breakfast things and then went off to their reapective rooms to sleep.

Lunch was postponed until two; but then Ann was delighted to wake the loafers.

Her father was easy. He opened one eye carefully. "Ann," he whispered, "I've got to see about the Big Boss this afternoon. I've got to get out."

"Sugarlump," Ann said gaily, "you're heading for trouble."

Her father groaned. "Trouble is my middle name."

Max poked his head out of his door. "What's up?"

He looked rested. Lines were smoothed out of his funny face. He looked only about twice as old as his twenty-seven years.

Ann caught her breath. "Hello," she said. "Lunch, lazybones."

Lunch was a quiet, cosy affair—except for Mr. Garland. He was not feeling cosy.

"How would you kids like to take a walk with me?" he managed to ask at last, with his third cup of coffee. "Of course, we'd have to help your mother with the dishes first, Ann."

Suspecting nothing, falling instantly into the trap, Mrs. Garland replied urgently, "Nonsense, Julius. I love washing dishes. You know I do." She began shooing them out of the small sun-flooded kitchen.

They departed, Ann being careful to avoid Max's eyes for fear she would giggle outright. In silence, being friends, they walked two blocks. Mr. Garland heaved a mighty sigh, looked behind to be sure he wasn't followed, and gleefully hailed a passing taxi.

At the first two or three hotels, Max Whitney trotted in hopefully with Mr. Garland, looking for a room for himself. "I would," Max said, "accept a shelf in somebody's kitchen."

Ann and Max talked all the time while the taxi driver took them from hotel to hotel and waited for Mr. Garland to make inquiries about Herman Boop. They discovered that they liked peach ice-cream and Keats and October, and very little of Shakespeare, and almost everything of G. B. Shaw; they told each other about their childhood; they were enormously serious and enormously light-hearted. The afternoon fled; and, talking, they hardly knew where it had gone.

"Well," Mr. Garland said, reappearing for the last time from a hotel, "I've located Herman." His grin made a half-moon of delight. "He's going to join us to-night with a lady friend at the Tennis Club."

Ann looked at her father as if she had difficulty remembering who he was. "But, Father," she cried, blinking rapidly, "how will you explain Herman to Mother?"

"I won't explain," Mr. Garland said. "It'll be an accident, meeting him like that." Mr. Garland nodded firmly; Mr. Garland hoped it would work.

So, crossing her fingers, did Ann that evening.

Mrs. Garland had sent the three of them off, a few hours earlier, begging off when they asked her along, saying she needed sleep. Which they had known she would do—Mrs. Garland hated night-clubs. But Ann did not have much time to consider her father. She danced every dance with Max, even at the risk of offending Herman Boop.

Max danced well, lightly, for so solid a man. He and Ann alternated between the polite conversation at the table—which did not mention seventy thousand yards of piece goods that Herman Boop had, and Julius Garland wanted desperately—and the crowded dance floor; and between them they said nothing, until Max danced her out into the garden.

The garden was walled. Bright moonlight silvered the world, and turned the scarlet poinsettias into black gipsy shadows dancing in the breeze against the high garden wall.

"It's been a lovely day. Thank you for the loveliest day, Max. The loveliest day of my life," she said.

He kissed her. It was a funny little kiss, and then it got quite out of bounds. It swept them away, and away, and away. Max stood back and looked at her with that lopsided grin. He kept her hands.

"I think I must be in love with you," Ann said.

His voice was almost rough. "Look, infant. Don't throw that word around. It's serious when it happens. Have you ever been in love?"

She considered. "A little round the edges. But never like this. You make me—dizzy."

"Stop telling me fairy tales. I might believe you."

She was not coy. She had no devices and no pretence—not with Max Whitney. She said, "But it is real, very real, Max. This morning I looked at the world, and I was merely audience. And now I am part of it, now because of——"

"Me, infant?"

Suddenly Ann was furious. She pulled her hands free and stood there feeling lost and naked without her hands in his hands. "Why," she demanded, "must you keep insisting I'm so young? You said this morning that age was merely a state of mind and——"

"Exactly," Max said.

Now he was under control again, and her heart rocked against her ribs, and her heart said: If I had time. If I only had a little time.

"I'd only hurt you, Ann." He peered at her gravely in the moonlight. "The things I've seen—the things I've done and been in war would hurt you. I'm worn out. I'm an old, old man," Max said.

She turned and fled, and was glad the lights inside were dim. Tears were rolling down her cheeks. She saw what happened next in a blur of tears. For it appeared from the loud voices that Herman Boop's lady friend possessed a husband. This husband had appeared unexpectedly, feeling indignant, and threatening the trembling Herman.

"But, my dear man," Mr. Garland protested, "there is some mistake. This lady is here at our table at the express invitation of my daughter," he lied handsomely.

The little scene ended. The man and his wife left, and Herman, saying over and over to Julius Garland, "You are my one friend, my best pal, anything I own is yours," was towed carefully home to the Garland cottage, given a stiff drink, and reminded that in this goods-shortage time he possessed seventy thousand yards of overall material which Mr. Garland wanted. It was done cleverly, vigorously. The grateful Herman signed the bill of sale then and there, before departing.

"Julius," Mrs. Garland said, but she was not really very angry, "how could you? I suspect all day you've been scheming. You promised, Julius. No business, you promised."

With that in her ears, Ann tumbled into bed, and the first thing she heard the next morning was her mother's excited voice. But now her mother sounded altogether happy. Ann lay listening, not catching the words. Her thoughts were for herself. Her head ached bitterly. If I only had time; a little time, rest, sleep—sunshine; they would do wonders for Max. A state of mind can be changed.

Wearily Ann got out of bed and regarded herself critically in the mirror. What she saw turned her toes up. What she saw sent her flying out into the living-room.

They were all there, even Max, his hair in wild disarray, exclaiming over a telegram. Before Ann could utter a word, they thrust the telegram gleefully under her nose. Coldly the telegram said:

"Congratulations. Masterly work. Not coming down as no need see Herman now. Staying to nominate you for Board of Directors."

Mrs. Garland said happily: "Julius, I'm so proud. Julius, you don't mean, actually, that the Big Boss was coming here?"

"But look!" Ann sputtered. "Look, everybody! I've got the measles, and now we'll have to stay at least two more weeks. Even Max!"

They stared. They remembered that the Westhaven school had closed because of measles. They paled; and then Max got a certain look in his eyes, a look of, "Well, maybe I believe in fairy tales, too."

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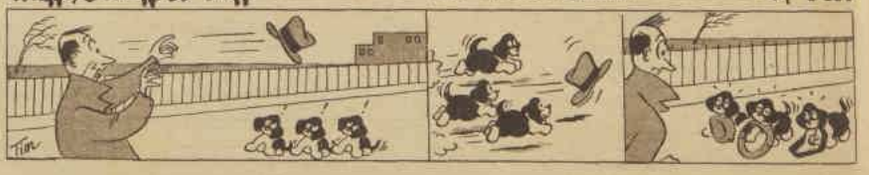
Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM



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ONE YEAR LATER

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

SUICIDE is the verdict when lovely heiress ROSEMARY BARTON dies of poisoning at the birthday party given in her honor by her husband GEORGE, and attended by IRIS MARLE, her sister; STEPHEN FARRADAY, politician, and his wife, ALEXANDRA; RUTH LESSING, George's secretary; and ANTHONY BROWNE. A year later, each of the guests is still vividly remembering Rosemary . . .

Ruth, secretly in love with George, remembers her jealous hatred of his wife . . . and how this was inflamed by VICTOR DRAKE, black sheep son of LUCILLA DRAKE, who has chaperoned Iris since Rosemary's death.

Iris remembers her dismay at finding that Rosemary had been carrying on a secret love affair . . . her dread that the man may have been Anthony Browne . . . her shock when George showed her two anonymous letters he had received stating that Rosemary was murdered.

Browne recalls his infatuation for Rosemary . . . his alarm when she accused him of being actually an ex-convict by the name of Tony Morelli . . . his sudden forgetting of Rosemary at first sight of Iris.

George recalls his frenzy at receiving the anonymous letters . . . at finding out about Rosemary's love affair . . . at realising that the man must have been Browne or Farraday.

Now read on:—

WITH an effort George Barton pushed remembrance away. Mustn't go over that again. It was past, done with. His plan. He would think of the plan. He'd speak to his friend, Colonel Race, first. He'd show Race the letters. What would Race make of those letters? Iris had been dumbfounded. She evidently hadn't the slightest idea. Well, he was in charge of the situation now.

He'd got it all taped. The plan. All worked out. The date. The place. November second—All Souls' Day. That was a good touch. The Luxembourg, of course. He'd try to get the same table. And the same guests. Anthony Browne, Stephen Farraday, Sandra Farraday. Then, of course, Ruth and Iris and himself. And as the odd, the seventh, guest he'd get Race. Race, who was originally to have been at Rosemary's birthday dinner. And there would be one empty place.

It would be splendid. Dramatic! A repetition of the crime. Well, not quite a repetition . . .

Stephen Farraday was thinking of Rosemary—thinking of her with that incredulous amazement that her image always aroused in him. What a fool—what an incredible fool he had been!

He simply could not understand it. It was as though his life were divided into two parts—one, a sane, well-balanced, orderly progression; the other a brief, uncharacteristic madness. The two parts simply did not fit.

Sometimes he looked back over his life, appraising it coldly and without undue emotion, but with a certain priggish self-congratulation. From a very early age he had mapped out his own life. He was going to succeed.

As a first test of will, he determined to master his stammer. He practised speaking slowly, with a slight hesitation before every word. And in time his efforts were crowned with success. He no longer stammered. In school he applied himself to his lessons. He intended to have an education. Education got you somewhere. Soon his teachers became interested, encouraged him. He won a scholarship.

His parents were approached by the educational authorities; the boy had promise. Mr. Farraday, doing well out of a row of jerry-built houses, was persuaded to invest money in his son's education.

At twenty-two, Stephen came down from Oxford with a good degree, a reputation as a good and witty speaker, and a knack of writing articles. He had also made some useful friends. Politics was what attracted him. He had learned to overcome his natural shyness and to cultivate an admirable social manner—modest, friendly and with that touch of brilliance that led people to say, "That young man will go far."

The Conservatives, on the lookout for promising young talent, approved of Stephen Farraday; he was just the type they wanted. He contested a fairly solid Labor constituency and won it by a very narrow majority. It was with a feeling of triumph that Stephen took his seat in the House of Commons.

Nevertheless, once the excitement of being actually in the House had subsided, he experienced swift disillusionment. It was not easy here to rise out of obscurity. Youth here was looked upon with suspicion. One needed something above ability. One needed influence.

There were certain interests. Certain families. You had to be sponsored. He considered marriage.

Up to now, he had thought very little about the subject. He had had a dim picture in the back of his mind of some handsome creature who would stand hand in hand with him, sharing his life and his ambitions.

Then one day he went to one of the big receptions at Kidderminster House. The Kidderminster connection was the most powerful in England. They were, and had always been, a great political family. Lord Kidderminster, with his little imperial, his tall, distinguished figure, was known by sight everywhere. Lady Kidderminster's large rocking-horse face was familiar on public platforms and on committees all over England. They had five daughters, three of them beautiful, but all serious-minded, and one son, still at Eton.

The Kidderminsters made a point of encouraging likely young members of the party. Hence Farraday's invitation.

He did not know many people there, and he was standing alone near a window about twenty minutes after his arrival. The crowd by the tea table was thinning out and passing into the other rooms when Stephen noticed a tall girl in black, standing alone by the table, looking for a moment slightly at a loss.

Stephen Farraday had a very good eye for faces. He had picked up that very morning in the tube a "Home Gossip" discarded by a woman traveller, and glanced over it with slight amusement.

There had been a rather smudgy reproduction of Lady Alexandra Hayle, third daughter of the Earl of Kidderminster, and, below, a gossipy little extract about her: ". . . always been of a shy and retiring disposition . . . devoted to animals . . . Lady Alexandra has taken a course in domestic science, as Lady Kidderminster believes in her daughters being thoroughly grounded in all domestic subjects."

That was Lady Alexandra Hayle standing there, and with the unerring perception of a shy person, Stephen knew that she, too, was shy. The plainest of the five daughters, Alexandra had always suffered under a sense of inferiority.

Stephen did not know that, but he knew that the girl was ill at ease and unhappy. And suddenly a rush of conviction came to him. This was his chance. Take it, you fool, take it. It's now or never. He crossed the room to the buffet.

Standing beside the girl, he picked up a sandwich. Then, turning and speaking nervously and with an effort—no acting that, he was nervous—he said, "I say, do you mind if I speak to you? I don't know many people here, and I can see you don't either. Don't snub me. As a matter of fact, I'm awfully s-s-shy" —his stammer of years ago came back at a most opportune moment—"and—and I think you're s-s-shy, too, aren't you?"

"I say, what luck!" Stephen exclaimed. "I wondered if I'd ever see you again."

The girl flushed, her mouth opened. But, as he had guessed, she could not say it. Too difficult to find words to say, "I'm the daughter of the house." Instead, she admitted quietly, "As a matter of fact, I—I am shy. I always have been."

Stephen went on quickly, "It's a horrible feeling. I don't know whether one ever gets over it. Sometimes I feel absolutely tongue-tied."

"So do I."

He went on—talking rather quickly, stammering a little—his manner was boyish, appealing. It was a manner that had been natural to him a few years ago, and which was now consciously retained and cultivated. It was young, naive, disarming. He led the conversation soon to the subject of plays, mentioned one that was running which had attracted a good deal of interest. Sandra had seen it. They discussed it. It had dealt with some point of the social services, and they were soon deep in a discussion of these measures.

Stephen did not overdo things. He saw Lady Kidderminster entering the room, her eyes in search of her daughter. It was no part of his plan to be introduced now. He murmured a good-bye.

"I have enjoyed talking to you. I was simply hating the whole show till I found you. Thank you."

He left Kidderminster House with a feeling of exhilaration. He had taken his chance. Now to consolidate what he had started.

For several days after that he haunted the neighborhood of Kidderminster House. Once Sandra came out with one of her sisters. Once she left the house alone, but with a hurried step. He shook his head. That would not do; she was obviously en route to some particular appointment. Then, about a week after the party, his patience was rewarded. She came out one morning with a small black Scottie dog and she turned with a leisurely step in the direction of the park.

Five minutes later a young man walking rapidly in the opposite direction pulled up short and stopped in front of Sandra. He exclaimed blithely, "I say, what luck! I wondered if I'd ever see you again." His tone was so delighted that she blushed a little. He stooped to the dog. "What a jolly little fellow. What's his name?"

"MacTavish."

"Oh, very Scotch."

They talked dog for some moments. Then Stephen said, with a trace of embarrassment, "I never told you my name the other day. It's Farraday. Stephen Farraday. I'm an obscure M.P."

He looked at her inquiringly and saw the color come up in her cheeks again as she said, "I'm Alexandra Hayle."

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American Society Beauties

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Miss Constance McCormick. Youthful daughter of a well-known American family, Miss Constance McCormick is enthusiastic about Pond's. "Pond's Cold Cream is such a lovely silky cream to use." When she puts on Pond's Vanishing Cream she says it makes her skin "smoother, ready to take powder evenly."

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More Than Medals

By JACK NICHOLAS

"Keep it soft for me, fella," Eck said, giving the chewing gum to the little boy.

I WASN'T very happy as I drove out from the city. I'd planned a week-end with the boys, fishing, but the Chief got the idea that my free Saturday was the right time to start work on interviews for the Air Force Supplement, due the following Sunday.

You know how they run. First cover the training, then some operational shots, and, finally, interviews with Aces returned home. Anyhow it shouldn't take long, and if I turned in my copy in the afternoon I could still manage to-morrow with the boys.

After all, these interviews were more or less routine. Mostly young chaps, with older faces, who seemed to hate the interview as much as I did. They'd talk freely enough about their squadron, but when questioned about the citation for their D.F.C. or D.S.O., they'd shut up tighter than a clam.

In no time the office car landed me at the address I'd been given, and before I went in I memorised the name on my scribbler—F/O. Edward Windon, D.F.C. It was a neat little cottage, common to the suburban area, and the garden, if small, was well tended and a mass of blooms. When the door opened in answer to my ring, there stood his mother. I'd seen her before. Greying hair and a few lines on her face, but a gleam in her eyes now the son of the house was home again.

And Ted, he was the same as the others. Just a little resentful of my intrusion, and looking most embarrassed when his mother laughingly confided he had wanted to "run out" on me. He seemed a fine chap, and the thought ran through my mind I might ask him down with me to the fishing shack. Still, the interview came first, so I set to work.

First of all I covered the old school tie and family, and Ted warmed up toward me. I thought things were going well, so I said: "I'll bet it was the proudest day of your life when you received your D.F.C."

It was a long time before he answered, and then he spoke: "No. There was another day," and what follows here is the story in Ted's own words.

". . . When I was assigned to a squadron in India I was disappointed, and even the fact that 'Eck Harvey, who lived near my home, was with me didn't help. Eck had been Eck as long as I'd been Ted, although our mothers had originally bestowed on us Eric and Edward. We both wanted some real action, and India seemed a dead-end to us. When we reached our destination it was fairly close to the Burmese border, but, even so, we had little to do other than Recco jobs.

"This continued for some time, and we were just beginning to despair when word came of a move. Imagine the thrill we felt when we learned our job was to support General Chennault's Tigers in China.

"When we arrived at our new station there was a lot of ground work to do, so the pilots had time to look the countryside over. It was one such day when we were returning from a jeep tour that we heard the sound of exploding bombs down the road, and then saw the Jap bombers streaking for home. Eck drove like mad after that, and then we came upon the village we'd passed through earlier, or what was left of it. There was hardly a hut left standing, and here and there a few Chinese wailed beside the ruins of their homes.

"There was little we could do, but we waited when we saw the local missionary coming toward us with a young child whimpering in his arms. He'd been to our mess a few nights before, so we knew his name was Regan.

"The child's mother had been killed in the raid, and his father was away fighting with Chiang Kai-shek's forces, he told us.

" 'I have so many orphans up at the mission now,' said Mr. Regan, 'I can hardly cope with them, but there is no other place for the poor unfortunates.'

"By this time Eck had the Chinese boy on his knee, and when he showed him his gold watch, the boy's whimpers ceased and the faintest suspicion of a smile came over his little olive face. Nothing Eck did ever surprised me, and when he suggested to Mr. Regan we take the lad back to the strip with us, it seemed the natural thing to do.

"From the first we never could remember his name, so, recalling the Chinese laundryman our mothers both patronised, we rechristened him Willie. The C.O. must have had a shock when Eck and I marched into his office with Willie between us, but the shock must have been increased when Eck explained the situation, and calmly suggested the squadron adopt Willie as its mascot.

"Maybe it was Eck's eloquence, or perhaps because the C.O. had a picture of his seven-year-old son on his desk, or perhaps even the grin that Willie showered on him, but whatever it was the C.O. gave his O.K.

" 'Well, Willie, you're in,' said Eck, and that was putting it mildly. The Q Store didn't stock clothes to fit a seven-year-old boy, but our tailor set to work and cut down shirts and pants to fit, and in due time Willie could parade in regulation dress, even to a forage cap. It wasn't all beer and skittles for the kid though, because the dentist decided he needed a few extractions, and then the M.O. remembered Willie was liable to catch cholera unless he was injected.

"He didn't seem to mind what they did to him as long as Eck was with him, and Eck had the same devotion to Willie. He sat by him at mess and even cut up his food until Willie learned to master the intricacies of a knife, fork, and spoon. It was Eck's suggestion, too, that we each contribute something on pay day for entry in Willie's 'paybook,' and there wasn't a man on the station refused.

"Willie had the run of the place except briefing, from which he was barred by the C.O., but where Eck was he wasn't far behind. I know some of us envied Eck; Willie was a reminder of the brother or son at home, and he certainly grew to mean a lot to us all.

"Not long after Willie's installation we really started on our job, and Willie always came down to the strip to see Eck off. We were forever chewing gum, and I remember the first time Eck bade Willie farewell. He gave his gum to the kid, and said: 'Keep it soft for me, fella.'

It seemed just a trifling incident, yet it made the proudest moment in a young Air Force pilot's life.

"Willie had no qualms about chewing it. After all, in his earlier years he'd lived on rice, which had first been masticated in his mother's mouth. Anyhow, it did us all good to see him on our return smilingly extract the gum and return it to Eck.

"Of course, the M.O. frowned on it as most unhygienic, when it came to his notice, but he was on the losing side all the way.

"We didn't talk about it, but there were times when some of the planes didn't return. Even Willie noticed it, and we often caught him gazing wistfully at a chair at the mess table, now all too vacant. Just the same, he was the tonic we needed, and we all tried to gain first place in his affections. The fellows used to offer him their gum, even fresh packets, but his loyalty was unwavering, and he kept no gum but Eck's soft. Even tempting bribes and being allowed to sit in their cockpits didn't interest Willie.

"It was Eck, too, who persevered with him until he could speak a little English; all he thought necessary, anyway, and for the rest he'd gibber away happily in his native tongue. You've heard people talk about the Gremlins that fly with our pilots. Well, I believe some part of Willie flew with Eck on every mission.

"Even the best pilots crack up sooner or later, but I can still recall the shock, the day they caught up with Eck, and when we turned for home and Eck's machine wasn't in line with mine. It was then I remembered Willie. It had all happened so quickly. We'd made our objective in perfect weather, and started strafing runs.

"Eck followed me in, and it was on our last run that it happened. He couldn't have noticed the wires at the side of the road until it was too late.

"When my plane had taxied to a standstill and I climbed out, I could see Willie standing in his usual spot still gazing up for signs of Eck. Eck, whom he'd never see again, whose gum he'd kept soft for the last time. As Eck's best friend I had to tell him, but how I dreaded it, and when my voice came I sounded as convincing as a nervous understudy taking over a role at a minute's notice.

" 'You see, Willie, Eck won't be coming back. He's received orders to fly to another strip for duty, so he asked me to say good-bye for him.'

"His dark little eyes looked back at mine, and I knew I hadn't succeeded in fooling him for a minute. He was only a kid, but he knew more about death than most adults do. I had to turn away from those dark, piercing eyes which shed no tears, and when I turned to try again, he had gone.

"We all knew better than to intrude on him after that, and I, for one, was rather relieved when he didn't turn up for mess that night or the next morning. But even that hurt, for now there were two vacant seats next to mine.

"That morning we had to go out at 0900 hours, and soon after mess I went down to my plane to check her over once again. It was after I'd warmed her up and was about to leave dispersal that I noticed Willie coming toward me. As he came up beside my plane I switched off, and there he was with an uncertain smile on his upturned face and one hand outstretched.

" 'Keep gum soft, please?' he said in his pidgin English.

"I realised what an effort that must have been for him. As I handed him my gum with a smile, I knew that was the proudest day of my life."

. . . It seemed a long time before I realised I was in the Windons lounge, thousands of miles from China. Ted's voice was asking if I had all the information I wanted, and I was saying yes, thanking him, and bidding farewell.

The old bus was well on the way back to the office before I remembered, I hadn't asked Ted if he'd like to go to the fishing shack. Somehow I was glad I'd forgotten. I didn't want to go myself. I guess catching fish didn't seem important just then.

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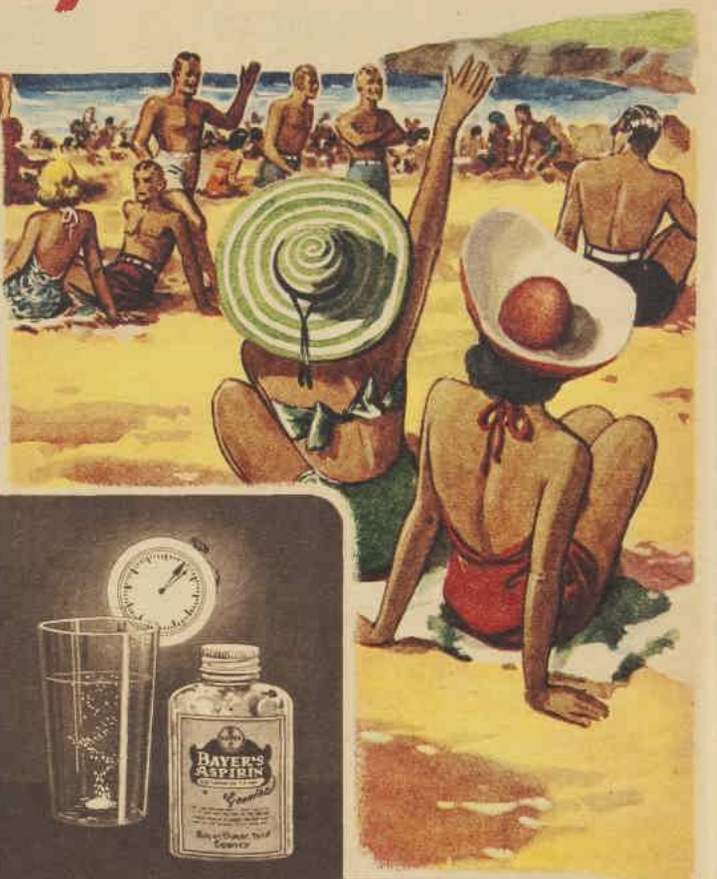

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Plan for Perfection

"Lovely, darling," said Lauraine, her eyes blazing at Robin as she took the train.

By . . . Katherine MERSON

LAURAINE buttoned her son's overcoat, and gave a gentle pat to his red hair. "Now, remember what you promised, pet. Don't ask grandpa questions when he's tired, don't run about the kitchen when grandma is cooking, don't try to climb the big trees——"

Alan's brown eyes widened in protest at so many restrictions.

His mother laughed. "Now don't be a baby, darling. You love being at grandma's house."

He considered this gravely. "Y-yes. But you've always been there, too. Why aren't you coming?"

"Alan, I told you. Daddy's coming home." She turned to her mother. "Got everything, dear?"

"I think so," Mrs. Weston said, with alarm at the bundle of books and papers in her hand. She hesitated, then spoke. "Lauraine, are you sure this is a good idea? After all, Robin's train gets in at four. Alan could see him on the platform for a few minutes, and then I could take him by taxi to Victoria to catch my train home. Surely——"

"Now, Mother?" Lauraine spoke briskly, a shade impatiently. "Please try to understand! Alan hasn't seen his father for three years — but neither have I. This isn't just another leave, this is—special. This is Robin coming home for good, starting his civilian life all over again. He has all sorts of readjustments to make. And the most important thing is that Robin has got to get used to me! Three years is a long time. Mother, I—I love Robin. I want our reunion to be—perfect. And I think a month together, alone, without a child stamping round the place, is absolutely essential. I'm not being selfish——"

"I know you're not, my dear. Don't think I don't understand what this means to you. But——" Mrs. Weston's glance fell on the ponderous volume lying on the couch. Marriage Under War Conditions; Psychological Aspects.

All through the six years of her marriage, in which Lauraine had stayed with her parents in the country, she had read such books by the dozen. Lauraine's mother thought, not for the first time, that her daughter was far too—well, technical—about the emotional side of life.

"Oh, well," Mrs. Weston thought, and kissed her daughter, took her grandson by the hand, and marched him firmly through the door.

Lauraine ran into her bedroom. Spread out on the coverlet, pressed and spotless, were the things saved for, painfully acquired, hoarded carefully through the long months, against that time when her husband would come back to her.

Lauraine sat down at the dressing-table and stared at her reflection with quiet triumph. Well, she thought, I've done it. I've brought up Robin's son healthy and happy and unafraid. I've scrubbed and patched and ironed. I've saved every penny possible. I've lived at home like a simple girl. I've put in part-time war work, and I haven't let myself grow fat or slack or slovenly. I'm just as Robin remembered me.

I'm not being smug or conceited, it's not that. It's just that Robin deserves the best, and I shall see that he gets it.

Robin had written to her about his foot. How a crate of ammunition had fallen, crushing it badly. How, for a time, there had been the dread of amputation. "But it's all right now, old girl. A bit of a limp, that's all."

So she had expected the limp. But the agonising emotion that swept through her when Robin got off the train and hurried toward her with awkward, painful jumps and starts was not expected.

The uncertainty in her heart conquered her desire to give way, to weep hysterically, to pour out the fears and aches that had been tearing her heart to pieces. For now Lauraine knew beyond all shadow of doubt that her scheming and planning had been necessary. Robin was no conquering hero dashing home with a gay smile and easy self-confidence; he was a very tired young man who needed every ounce of assurance his wife could give him.

"Robin—Robin, darling!"

She smiled radiantly, and ran into his open arms.

"Why, Lauraine—it's really you—" he held her in his arms, awkwardly, as though she were something extremely fragile.

She laughed. "Well, kiss me, darling!"

"What? Oh, why, of course——" he kissed her, tentatively at first—and then it was like the day he had kissed her for the first time. The old magic was there. Robin moved his head away, stared into her eyes, then grinned. "You haven't changed, Lauraine. Thank God, you haven't changed."

She returned the smile. "What did you expect, a forty-inch waist and a nagging expression?" Over his shoulder she caught the eye of a porter, who picked up Robin's case. "I've got a taxi, Robin. No buses for returning heroes . . ." Slowly they moved down the platform. He doesn't use a stick, she thought. He should—but he won't. Pride welled up in her. She put her shaking hand on his arm, where it steadied and supported.

They talked about trivialities, driving home. About Robin's demobilisation outfit—the navy suit, the raincoat, the smart tie, the shoes. "They've done you proud, Robin."

"Not bad, is it? And a hundred and sixty clothing coupons as well—but you won't get a smell of 'em, Mrs. Smith, it's Savile Row for me." Robin stared through the window with eager eyes. He sighed. "Gosh, I can hardly believe it! Being home—you—the kid. Did you leave him at the hotel, darling?"

"He's—he's in the country with mother. We're going down to see him on Sunday. I wanted you all to myself. This is our honeymoon, isn't it?" She stared at him anxiously. "You don't mind Alan not being here? After all, a honeymoon with a five-year-old son——"

"Hardly respectable, to say the least. Of course I don't mind, pet. It's—very sensible. Did you manage to find a decent hotel?"

"No hotel, Robin. We've got a home. A flat, and everything in it—ours! The carpets, the frying-pans——"

Robin gaped at her. "But I thought it was impossible to rent even a dustbin to live in! How on earth did you——"

"I have a magic wand," Lauraine said softly. She thought of her endless trips up to London, the weary rounds of the estate agents, the persistent combing of the second-hand shops. But about all this she kept silent. Whining martyrdom was out, taboo.

The driver carried the case up to the flat. Lauraine ran ahead to open the door. That way, Robin could make his slow, clumsy ascent of the two flights without the embarrassment of onlookers.

Lauraine was waiting for him. "We will now"—she spoke in the pompous tones of a guide—"make a tour of the town residence of Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

. . . . . .

It was Sunday, and they were on their way to spend the day with Alan. Lauraine leaned back against the carriage cushion and watched her husband, secretly, through half-closed eyes. The first week had been wonderfully successful. Robin fell in with all her plans with an eagerness that proved he had dreaded having to make plans for himself.

They had looked up old friends, seen a show or two, and—the best of all—just sat at home and talked their heads off, filling in the long years of separation with a wealth of detail.

"Do you think," Robin asked eagerly, "Alan will like this? I'm pretty hazy about suitable toys for a five-year-old." He had brought the toy from Germany. It sat, now, on his lap, unwrapped and bare to the world. Oblivious of the amusement of the other passengers, Robin wound it up and set it in motion. It was a miniature roundabout, the tin showing through where the paint had worn. As the tiny pigs, dragons, tigers and sea-serpents twirled solemnly round, a music-box concealed in the base jerked out a squeaky, protesting tune.

"Alan will adore it," Lauraine said confidently, "just as much as he will love his father."

"Gosh, I hope so. Look," Robin leaned forward, his dark eyes pleading, "look, suppose we take Alan home with us—when we go back tonight?"

"But, Robin, we decided that——"

"You decided, you mean," he grinned, "that a month's rest without noise of offspring was essential for the complete rehabilitation of war-frazzled husband. But it would be grand having the kid——"

"But you'll have him, pet, for the rest of your life. And I've made other plans."

"What a creature you are for plans—you should be in the Ministry of Reconstruction!" Alan's voice was suddenly stiff.

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BY HANRO

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One Year Later

Continued from page 5

STEPHEN responded to that very well. Surprise, recognition, dismay, embarrassment. "Oh, you're — you're Lady Alexandra Hayle—you . . . My goodness! What a stupid fool you must have thought me the other day!"

Her answering move was inevitable. She was bound both by her breeding and her natural kindness to do all she could to put him at his ease, to reassure him. "I ought to have told you at the time."

"I ought to have known. What an oaf you must think me!"

"How should you have known? What does it matter anyway? Please, Mr. Farraday, don't look so upset. Let's walk to the Serpentine. Look, MacTavish is simply pulling."

After that he met her several times in the park. He told her his ambitions. Together they discussed political topics. He found her intelligent, well-informed, and sympathetic. She had good brains and a singularly unbiased mind. They were friends now. The next advance came when he was asked to dinner at Kidderminster House and to go on to a dance. A man had failed to appear at the last moment.

When Lady Kidderminster was racking her brains, Sandra said quietly, "What about Stephen Farraday?"

Lord Kidderminster was consulted and was all in favor of encouraging the young hopefuls of the political world.

Stephen came and acquitted himself well. Two months later he put his fortunes to the test. They were by the Serpentine, and MacTavish sat with his head on Stephen's foot.

"Sandra, you know—you must know that I love you. I want you to marry me. I wouldn't ask you if I didn't believe that I shall make a name for myself one day. I do believe it. You shan't be ashamed of your choice. I swear it."

She said, "I'm not ashamed."

"Then you do care?"

"Didn't you know?"

"I hoped, but I couldn't be sure. Do you know that I loved you since that very first moment when I saw you across the room and took my courage in both hands and came to speak to you? I was never more terrified in my life."

She said, "I think I loved you then, too."

To Lord Kidderminster, Stephen was quite frank about his middle-class family and origin. He spared a fleeting thought that it was just as well for his prospects that his parents were now both dead.

To his wife Lord Kidderminster said: "H'm—it might be worse." He knew his daughter fairly well, knew that her quiet manner hid inflexible purpose.

Lady Kidderminster assented grudgingly.

So Alexandra Catherine Hayle took Stephen Leonard Farraday for better or for worse, in white satin and brussels lace, with six bridesmaids and two minute pages and all the accessories of a fashionable wedding. They went to Italy for the honeymoon, and came back to a small, charming house in Westminster, and a short time afterward Sandra's godmother died and left her a very delightful small Queen Anne manor house in the country.

Everything went well for the young married pair. Stephen plunged into parliamentary life with renewed ardor. Sandra aided and abetted him in every way, identifying herself heart and soul with his ambitions. Often, looking across the table at his wife, Stephen realised what a perfect helpmate she was—just what he had always imagined.

Yes, he thought, he had done very well for himself. His life was shaping exactly as he had meant it to.

And in that mood of triumphant satisfaction he went with his wife for a fortnight to St. Moritz, and, looking across the hotel lounge, saw Rosemary Barton. What happened to him at that moment he never understood. By a kind of poetic revenge, the words he had once spoken to another woman came true. Across a room he fell in love—deeply, crazily in love.

It was the kind of desperate, headlong, adolescent calf love that he should have experienced years ago and got over. Even in his preoccupation, he blessed Fate for having given him a naturally imperturbable manner. No one must guess, no one must know, what he felt, except Rosemary herself.

The Bartons left a week earlier than the Farradays. Stephen said to Sandra that St. Moritz was not very amusing. Should they cut short their time and go back to London? She agreed very amiably.

His affair with Rosemary followed—a strange, ecstatic, hectic period—feverish, unreal. It lasted—how long? Six months at most. Six months during which Stephen went about his work as usual, and thought of one thing only—Rosemary. And after the dream, the awakening.

All at once he found himself thinking perhaps he ought not to see Rosemary quite so often. Dash it all, they had been taking some terrific risks. If Sandra were ever to suspect——

He stole a look at her down the breakfast table. Thank goodness, she didn't suspect. She hadn't an idea. Yet some of his excuses for absence lately had been pretty thin.

He took a deep breath. Really, he and Rosemary had been very unwise. It was a wonder her husband hadn't got wise to things. One of those foolish, unsuspecting chaps, years older than she was.

He thought suddenly of golf links. Fresh air blowing over sand dunes, tramping round with clubs, swinging a driver, a nice clean shot off the tee, a little chip with a mashie. Men. Men in plus fours, smoking pipes. And no women allowed on the links.

He said suddenly to Sandra, "Couldn't we go down to Fairhaven? I'd like to get some golf. I feel stale."

It had been peaceful at Fairhaven. He had felt rather like someone who is recovering from an illness.

He had frowned when he saw Rosemary's writing. He'd told her not to write. It was too dangerous. He ripped open the envelope with some annoyance, having taken the letter into his study. Pages. Simply pages.

As he read, the old enchantment swept over him again. Was he feeling the same? Did the Leopard miss her? He half smiled, half sighed. That ridiculous joke—born when he had bought her a man's spotted dressing-gown that she had admired. He had said something about the leopard changing his spots, and had added, "But you mustn't change your skin, darling." After that she had called him Leopard. Silly, really. Yes, silly.

Rather sweet of her to have written such pages and pages. But still she shouldn't have done it. Writing letters was dangerous. He'd told Rosemary so. Why couldn't she wait until he got back to town? After breakfast he took the car over to the market town eight miles away. Wouldn't do to put through a call from the village. He got Rosemary on the phone.

"Hullo. That you, Rosemary? Don't write any more letters."

"Stephen, darling, how lovely to hear your voice!"

"Be careful. Can anyone overhear you?"

"Of course not. Oh, angel, I have missed you. Have you missed me?"

"Yes, of course. But don't write. It's much too risky."

"You're so ridiculously cautious. What does it matter?"

"I'm thinking of you, too, Rosemary. I couldn't bear any trouble to come to you through me."

"I don't care what happens to me. You know that."

"Well, I care, sweetheart."

"When are you coming back?"

"Tuesday."

"Darling, I can hardly bear to wait. Can't you make some excuse and come up to-day? Oh, Stephen, you could! Politics or something?"

"Not possible, I'm afraid."

"I don't believe you miss me half as much as I miss you."

"Nonsense. Of course I do."

Please turn to page 36

ODORONO SAVES YOUR CLOTHING

Sally forth with freedom to your rendezvous, confident that the use of Odorono will prevent loss of underarm freshness—and perspiration damage to clothing.

Odorono is the tried and true deodorant; safely checks perspiration 1-3 days.

Deodorant

ODO-RO-NO

PERSPIRATION CORRECTIVE!

Liquid Odorono . . . . . safe and sure
Odorono Cream . . . quick and easy to use

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

Oh Yes Teacher!

Maclean your teeth every morning and every night . . . that's the way to make and keep your teeth sparkling white. Macleans Toothpaste has a most pleasant flavour . . . it tones up the gums and leaves the mouth clean and refreshed.

1/1½ and 1/7½ per tube

MACLEANS TOOTH PASTE

"British to the teeth"

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MARY HORDERN'S PAGE

For midsummer evenings Paris says:

• Marcel Rochas' young-looking white frock with its piquant splashes of color at the hip and double-frilled hemline is quite enchanting.

• So is Charles Montaigne's white with yellow applique and a bouquet of flowers.

• One of the new designs Jacques Fath gives us is this white frock with contrasting blue spotted sheer. Any floral sheer would be equally attractive.

• For the gala evening go back to romantic crinoline days. Here is a simple design to make in pink with black lace. — MARY HORDERN.

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Homes of To-morrow

AMERICA DESIGNS A CRYSTAL HOUSE

BACK VIEW of beach house in timber. Glass wall guarantees magnificent ocean view in every room.

UNIQUE ATTRACTION of the big entrance porch is a weather-mellowed cedar log, which helps to support the overhanging roof.

Beach house with oversize windows

WHEN first glancing at this low, rambling beach house, it's pretty hard to discover where Nature begins and building stops.

A quick glance at the plan will show a much larger house than one might suppose.

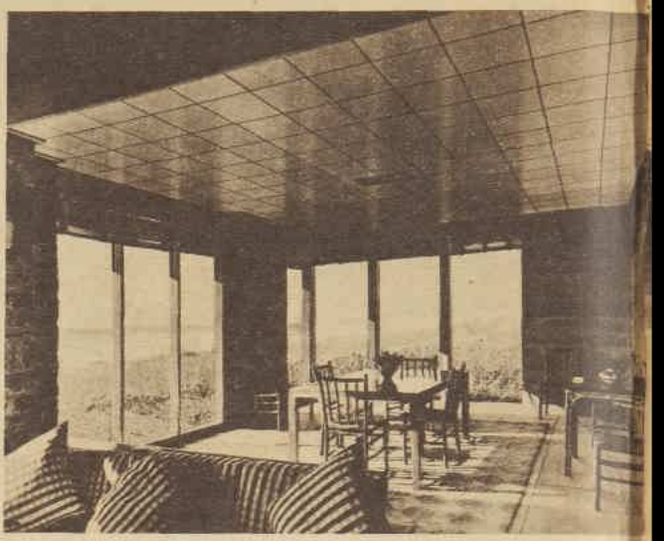
For instance, who would guess that second-floor rooms would be found under the low sloping roof?

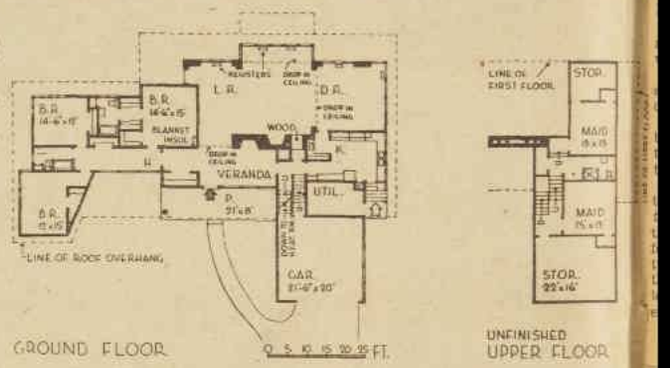
As it should in a house of this type, the large living-dining room is the principal conversation piece. Overlooking the broad expanse of sand and ocean, this combination room really has the appearance of a most attractive glazed-in porch. The view through the multiple picture windows is quite breathtaking.

Rough sawn spruce, left natural in finish, is again used in these interiors.

Stone, glass, and wood have been happily blended into a unified whole, yet often gain drama by wise use as accents.

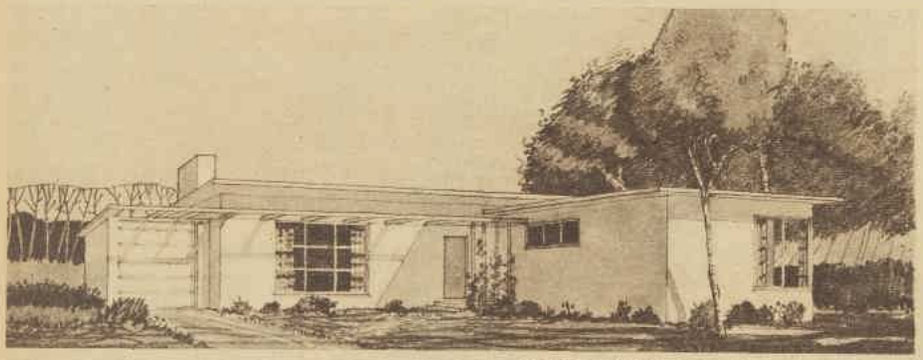
The total effect has all the simplicity one expects of a beach house plus an additional feeling of quiet sophistication.

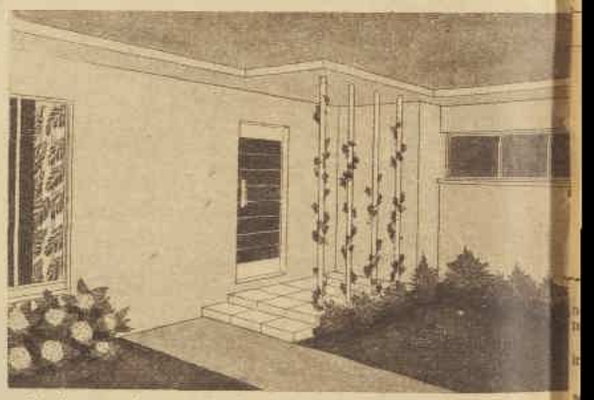




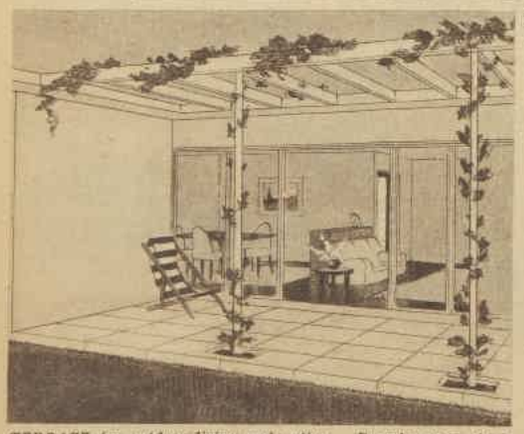
PLAN of the beach house, back view of which is shown top left. Above the plan you see section of the long, glass-walled living and dining-room.

Australian design for pleasant living

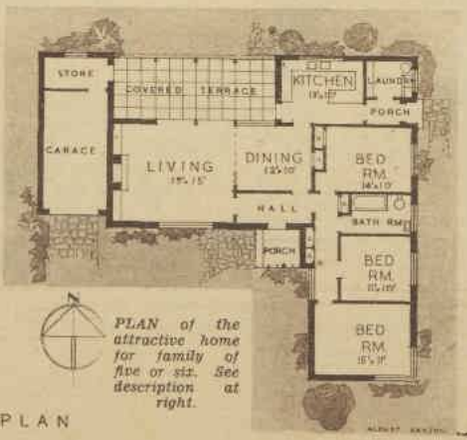




FRONT PERSPECTIVE of house, which faces south, and, above, a close-up sketch of simple but dignified entrance. Every room in the house, whether used for living or sleeping, will obtain sunlight some part of the day, even in winter.



TERRACE for outdoor living and eating. Pergola, over which is grown a deciduous creeper, provides a cool and shady area in summer; warm and sunny in winter. Folding glass doors along this side of living and dining rooms help to bring garden inside.



PLAN of the attractive home for family of five or six. See description at right.

PLAN

By ALBERT HANSON, B. Arch, A.R.A.I.A., A.R.I.B.A., M.T.C.P.I.

AUSTRALIAN homes should be designed on color-planning principles—obtain the maximum in wanted sunshine, protect us against unwanted midsummer sun and heat.

In other words, our homes should be adapted to our climatic and social conditions.

Here is such a house. Planned for a family of five or six. It is designed for a site facing south.

It contains all the livability in space, comfort, and convenience that the average family could wish for.

There is a complete segregation of cooking, living, and sleeping quarters, but easy access is provided to each of these sections.

Segregation of the living and sleeping quarters is desirable in the case of young children whose sleep may be disturbed by the radio or social entertainment. It also provides quieter rooms for school study when these children grow older.

Living and eating areas are combined into the one room, but are separated by a dining fitting, and should further separation be desired it could be provided by a folding, transparent screen. By combining these two rooms an area almost 30 feet x 15 feet is obtained for living purposes.

The kitchen is not large, 14 feet x 9 feet, but there is no

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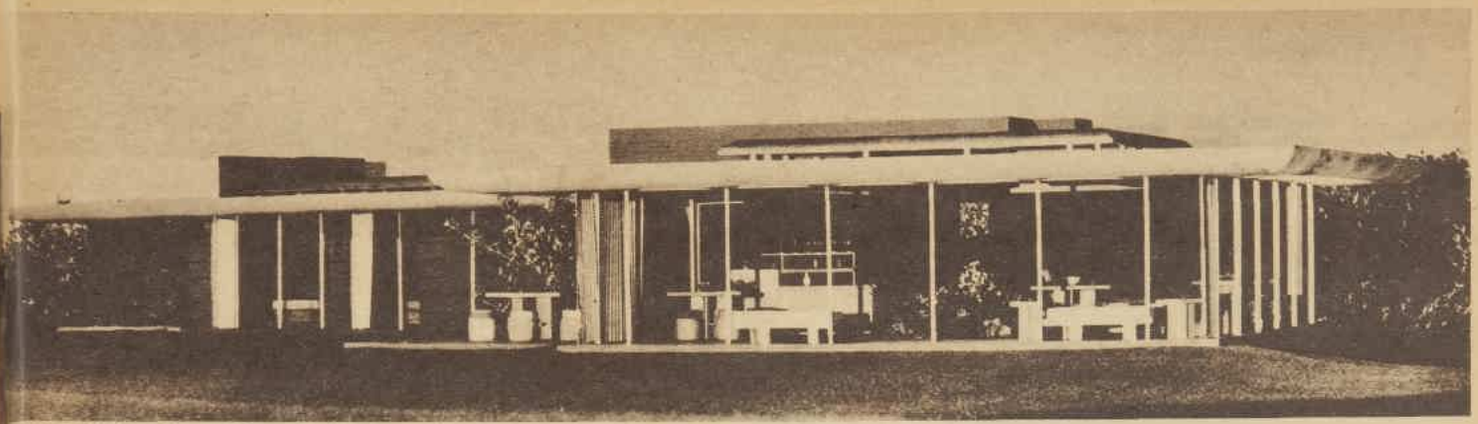
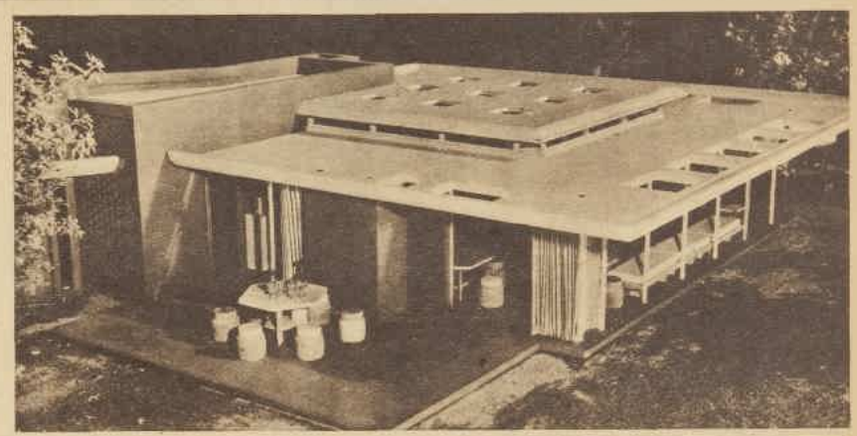


SCALE MODEL of the crystal house, showing the 30 x 30 garden room. This room is divided into living and dining sections by an indoor garden; living on the right, focused on the fireplace; dining on left, opening on to terrace.



PLANNED for sunshine, fresh air, and livability, this house foretells the future with considerably more than the clarity of crystal. For its prophecy, which you can take as literally as you like, speaks in terms of materials that are the last word in reality.

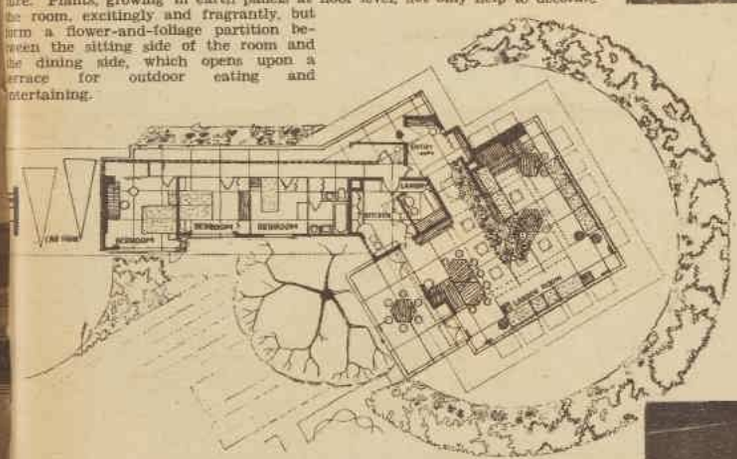
The glass, metal, concrete, and brick, which its famous architect has indicated for its construction, are not only available anywhere, at any normal time, but, as he remarks, "they make the house fireproof, verminproof, and pretty near foolproof."

However, it is the architect's manipulation of these four simple, accessible materials which gives his house the special kind of livability that carries it way beyond everyday comfort and convenience.

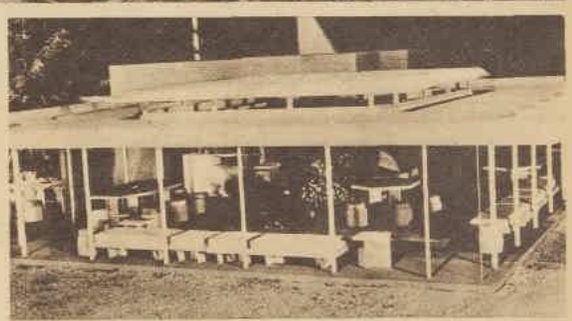
While sunlight and fresh air are free, few houses have ever taken full advantage of the health, comfort, and beauty they can provide. This house does.

The glass walls are fixed in place, for the sake of tightness and simplicity, but from the few outside doors there can be a full sweep of air, and in addition there can be completely controlled ventilation through the movable sash of the clerestory that rises above the main roof.

These upper openings also provide a beautiful source of light from above, through ceiling windows that throw shafts of sunshine on walls, floors, furniture. Plants, growing in earth panels at floor level, not only help to decorate the room, excitingly and fragrantly, but form a flower-and-foliage partition between the sitting side of the room and the dining side, which opens upon a terrace for outdoor eating and entertaining.



LEFT: Plan of the crystal house. An important outside feature is the circular planting of flowering shrubs and trees and perennials which protect the privacy of the glass garden room and form a surrounding view. This planting frames a house that is more than a picture house. Put yourself in the floor plan, and try to imagine yourself in it.



THIS and the picture above give you other views of the crystal house designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, famous American architect. Pictures by courtesy U.S. Office of War Information, and "Ladies' Home Journal."

ed to make an efficient machine any larger than necessary.

Kitchen is well lighted and should carry a pleasingly cool color scheme.

The window faces on to the children's playground so that they can be watched while the kitchen work is in progress.

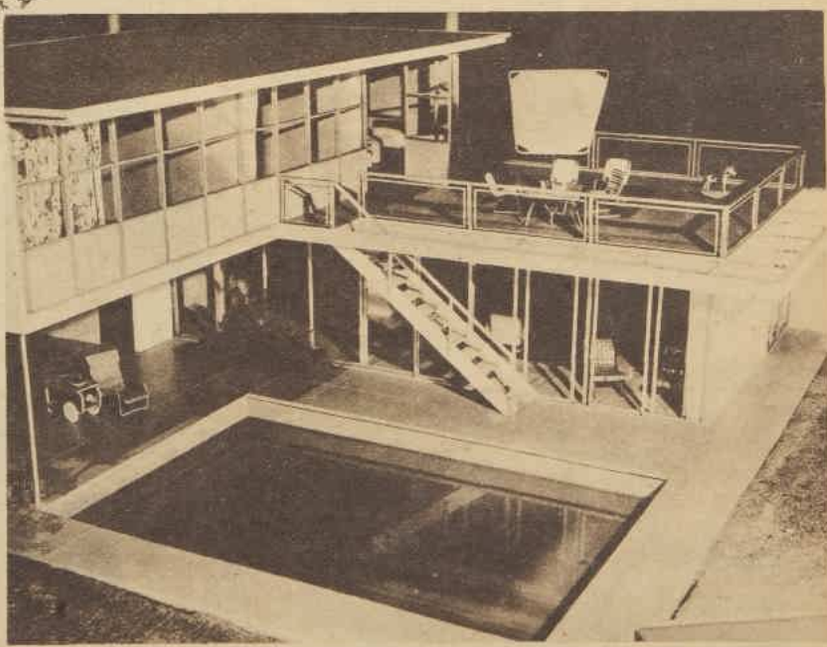
The room faces north, but a large eaves overhang prevents the high summer sun from coming in. The low afternoon sun will shine on the blank western wall, which is protected by the pergola and any flowering deciduous tree which is planted as near as possible to the kitchen wall.

The house as shown would require a block of land 85 feet wide, but by placing the garage near the front, in line with the west wall of the living-room, the house could be built on a normal narrow site. However, it is anticipated that in the near future blocks of land, say, 50 feet x 135 feet, will be replaced by blocks 70 feet x 95 feet of the same area and price, which will permit gardens, trees, and sunshine between all houses.

Perspective shows a flat roof, but, of course, this would be erected with a normal pitched roof. The advantages of a flat roof are many: It saves timber; on a restricted site it can be used as a sun-loggia or children's playground; it simplifies later additions whether as extra stories or new wings; it reduces the risk of fire. In hilly localities high-pitched roofs block out views from surrounding houses, while flat roofs open up the area and give an impression of spaciousness.

HOME FROM THE SEA

This house is interesting. It is cleverly planned. Upper and lower stories are defined as separate blocks forming a right angle. The wide roof-overhangs shade interior in summer, when the sun takes a high curve over the sky, but allow the sun to penetrate deep into the rooms in winter, when its warmth is welcome.



NO NEED TO PINE FOR THE SEA in sweltering weather if you lived in a house like this with bathing-pool attached. In winter, the sundeck, sheltered from prevailing winds, offers happy hours of relaxation.

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BY DAY BROWN AS A BERRY

It's holiday time - blissful breathing space for day-dreaming on golden sands, loving life, and care-free frolics in the sun. No need even to worry about painful sunburn. Cyclax 'Stockingless' Cream on your legs and Cyclax Romany Tan make-up on your face, neck and arms will protect . . . and - listen! - you'll be the complete bronzed beauty from top to toe!

. . . NIGHT AND DAY . . .

BY NIGHT WHITE AS PORCELAIN

. . . And at night, palely pretty for parties! Use one of the lighter Cyclax make-ups - Peach or Pale Peach Powder and Foundation for instance - and a vivid lipstick - Cyclax Brilliant or Wild Poppy - with just sufficient toning rouge. And final touch of perfection . . . give your hands the joy of Cyclax Hand Lotion.

Cyclax

NEW YORK LONDON MELBOURNE

CYCLAX PREPARATIONS ARE OBTAINABLE FROM THE BETTER CLASS STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

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WORTH Reporting

WE sat opposite two Royal Navy signallers in a suburban-bound train late one evening last week. The other occupants of the carriage were two pretty girls. The sailors were having a wonderful time carrying on a lengthy conversation in Morse Code, "dit-dit-dah" sort of stuff.

The topic of conversation, from sidelong glances, was obviously the girls, who sat unmoved.

Finally one sailor, unable to resist any longer, turned to them and said: "I'll bet you'd like to know what we're saying."

"Dit-dah-dit," or words to that effect, said one young lady.

We later learnt that they had been in the W.R.A.N.S., signallers, too.

Phoenix

THE village of Oradour-sur-Glane, in France, which was wiped out by the Germans on June 10, 1944, is rising from its ashes.

A shoemaker has opened a small workshop, a baker has built ovens, and a wooden town hall, school, and post-office have been built.

Since opening its doors the post-office has issued a stamp with a special postmark commemorating the resurrection of Oradour.

Pays to advertise

WE are wondering if there were any replies to these advertisements which recently appeared in a London newspaper.

"Senior commander of the A.T.S. would like to hear from former members of the Service with view to filling positions as housemaid and cook in her private household."

"I will exchange eight packets of Churchman's No. 1 cigarettes for copy of 'Forever Amber.'"

★ ★ ★

DESCRIPTION by an English sailor of the naval "hair-do" for tropic climes: "Short at the back, top, sides, base, pate; tassel in front. Anti-flea, anti-heat, anti-comb, anti-awful!"

RESOLUTION?

PEOPLE who gossip are AWFUL,
Don't you think?
I'd like to see it unlawful . . .
Put 'em in clink.
Someone ought to issue a writ—
But before they do,
And between us two,
I know a wonderful juicy bit.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Puppet shows

PUPPET shows are staged for expectant mothers in one of the waiting-rooms at Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne. They dramatise pre-natal advice. One, for instance, deals with correct foods.

The shows are produced by Mrs. Joan Williams and the script written by Mr. Ken Pittendrigh.

Some of the hospital staff work the puppets and speak the dialogue.

Seadog

THE broad gold-laced ring of Commodore was worn by Capt. W. Bone, of Glasgow, on his second voyage to Australia recently.

His first voyage here was nearly fifty years ago, in 1896, as the mate of the full-rigged sailing emigrant ship Loch Garry.

As Commodore he flew the Anchor Line's house flag for the first time in Australian waters on the troopship Circassia. The Anchor house flag is a red anchor with three cable-links on a white field.

The links represent the three brothers Anderson, shipmaster-founders of this old British line.

Capt. Bone is author of six books on life at sea; his first, "The Brassbounder" (sailing ship term for an apprentice), and written in 1910, is still selling.

Others are "Broken Stowage," "Capstan Bars," and "Merchantman-at-Arms," which are World War I reminiscences at sea.

Capt. Bone comes of literary stock, his father being a brilliant Scots editor of the last century, and his brother, Sir Muirhead Bone, famous British artist.

Capt. Bone is now engaged on another book, World War II experiences as a "Merchantman-at-Arms."

He intends to "swallow the anchor" (retire) on his return to the United Kingdom.

He has served afloat all his life, but when we asked how many years, he boomed:

"I left the sea, and went into steam, in 1898."

Animal Antics

". . . but you have to make a statement. I can't just write 'nuts.' The company won't understand!"

Gift pandas

THE Chinese Government is presenting London's Zoo with two goodwill pandas, reports our London office.

The hunt for the pandas has begun in the mountains of West Szechwan, inland province of China. A London Zoo official said recently: "Our only panda, Ming, which cost £2000, died last Boxing Day. English children were broken-hearted. Many used to come to the Zoo specially to see Ming.

"Toy manufacturers had sold millions of woolly pandas, which became as popular in English homes as Mickey Mouse.

"The Chinese Government heard about this, and decided to give us two pandas to 'further goodwill between China and Great Britain.'

"In return, we have offered a fellowship to a Chinese zoologist, who will escort the pandas to England. They will probably come by boat, as pandas are very susceptible to air sickness."

"The most I ask of any of the men, Private Smedley, is just to be friendly with the natives."

Knife for servicemen

A MELBOURNE engineering firm is manufacturing a special type of pocket-knife and giving it to one-armed ex-servicemen.

When a button is pressed, the strong, sharp blade slips out and stays firmly in position until button is pressed again.

Following the old English custom, the firm asks ex-servicemen for a token coin in exchange for knife to avoid cutting friendship.

All these coins go to a fund for blinded soldiers.

One ex-serviceman was so delighted to receive such a useful gift that he promptly left token of a guinea.

The knives, which cannot be bought on the market, are being distributed by a Melbourne firm of tobacconists.

★ ★ ★

EVEN though enthusiastically supporting a worthy cause, contributors to the Food-For-Britain Appeal allow personalities to creep in. With a £1 note and several food coupons, one woman wrote:

"I feel it is the responsibility of every citizen to help our fellow countrymen, and I sincerely wish my mother-in-law felt the same."

Pernickety Poll

ONE of the girls on our staff complained that because her parents were away there was a terrific lot to do each morning, including feeding the parrot.

"But surely the parrot doesn't take long to feed?" we asked her. "What does it eat?"

"Bacon and eggs, toast, and tea," she explained. "The bacon has to be cut in small pieces. Of course, it only eats a spoonful of fried egg and drinks only a little tea, but it all has to be prepared. It's rather a particular parrot, you see."

We saw.

"Now I'll be the mama!"

BABY: Let's have some fun, Mom. Pretend you're my baby, and I'm taking care of you.
MOM: All right, punkin — but be careful! Remember, babies are delicate little items.
BABY: Precisely, Mom. So if you were my little girl, I'd see that you got plenty of wonderful smooth-overs with Johnson's Baby Cream . . . and lots of nice, soft dustings with Johnson's Baby Powder.
MOM: Whoa! You mean you need both?
BABY: All us babies do. Didn't you know? . . . Johnson's Baby Cream — to help protect me from irritation. And Johnson's Powder, to help chase little chafes and prickles.
Once my skin starts getting Johnson's fine smoother-uppers, I'll feel so perked up I can lick my weight in War Stamps.

Johnson's Baby Cream
Johnson's Baby Powder
Johnson-Johnson PTY. LTD. SYDNEY

HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE

SORE THROAT?

Give your Sore Throat a comforting bath by slowly sipping a teaspoonful of HEARNE'S

I KEEP FIT
-and so can you!

Beecham's Pills will quickly relieve a sick headache, and restore the stomach, liver, and bowels to normal efficiency. They're purely vegetable, safe and reliable.

1/- and 2/6 per box.

WITH Beecham's Pills
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

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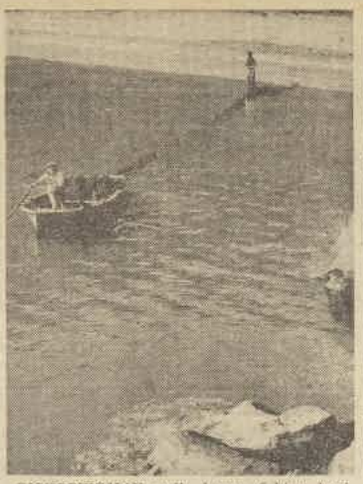
AN APPETISING early morning breakfast for fisherfolk Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hankin.



FISHERWOMAN pulls heavy fishing boat out from shore to shoot the net.

THE NET ashore, Doreen and Jim pick out the best of their catch of bream.

DOREEN busily packs fish into boxes, ready to send to the city fish markets.

Newly married pair set up fishing partnership

Twenty-one-year-old girl learnt craft as a small child

Twenty-one-year-old Doreen Hankin, one of the few women in Australia to hold a professional fishing licence, and her husband, Jim, just discharged from the army, have set up a fishing partnership on Hawkesbury River, N.S.W.

They have started off their married life by buying a launch, fishing boat, and nets.

By BETTY NESBIT

HER husband doesn't mind admitting that she knows a lot more about fishing than he does, but she says that **he's** learning quickly.

I recently spent a day chugging about the beautiful waters of the Hawkesbury with this enterprising young couple in the newly acquired launch.

We fished in little bays and inlets, and pulled the nets in from beaches, half-circles of yellow sand that fringe the edge of the river's sloping green hills.

Fishing is a simple life when you live the way Doreen and Jim do. They have a small house tucked away in Porter Bay, but it doesn't see much of them. Most of their time they are away on the river looking for catches.

Their launch is fixed with simple camping facilities because they often sleep on board, moored off a little beach. Many of their catches are made during the night, or in the early hours of the morning.

"Time doesn't mean anything to fish," says Doreen. "You've got to keep up with them. They don't wait."

I couldn't help thinking that even fish would have to travel fast to keep up with this energetic young woman.

Daughter of one of the river's best-known fishermen, Tom Buie, she was born at Hawkesbury River and has gone fishing ever since she could walk.

Since she was a small child she has worked with her father and her elder brother, Tom.

She first applied for her professional fishing licence when she was 14. When her brother went to the war five years ago she officially became her father's assistant.

Heavy work

FROM him she has gleaned her intimate knowledge of the river life, its tides, winds, the seasonal habits of the fish, the best fishing grounds, the geography of the 60 miles of waterways. From him, too, she learnt the centuries-old art of fishing.

Putting all that knowledge into practice means hard work, but there isn't much that small-built, muscular Doreen can't do.

Pulling the heavy boat, shooting the net and hauling, boxing up the catch and nailing it down are just a day's work to her.

"If only she would cook," says her husband, jokingly.

Doreen admits that she doesn't care overmuch for housework, and when she and her husband are camping they always toss to see who will cook. Jim usually loses.

However, when it is a matter of necessity no one can fry or grill a fish better than Doreen. Bream stuffed with oysters and fried is one of the simple little dishes she does to a turn.

Another of her accomplishments is her skill with marine engines, which are liable to exasperate the most efficient engineer.

Doreen can drive 12 types of engines, and can coax the most obstinate into a smooth-running purr.

Most of the residents of Brooklyn have known Doreen since she was a child with a mop of sun-bleached blonde hair, which has darkened as she has grown older.

Boat proprietor Norm Childs says she is as good as any man at fishing.

"Everyone likes her, too," he said, "and we all wish her and her husband luck in their venture."

When Doreen and Jim run their boat into Brooklyn with their catch ready to be boxed off and consigned to the markets, the pair of them work quickly, packing the fish with ice into the boxes.

First, the fish are put into a basket and Doreen, leaning over the side, washes them.

Then, they are packed. Doreen, with a mouthful of nails, plies the hammer with gusto.

In spite of the nails she manages to keep up a conversation with watchers standing on the wharf, mostly other fishermen who come along to inquire about the catch.

When the fish are boxed, Jim carries them to the trolley which is wheeled along to the railway station.

"It's good being married," Doreen says, while briskly washing her arms and hands over the side. "I used to carry the boxes along myself before."

As well as fishing, she and Jim have a half share in her mother's oyster lease, also on the river.

Oysters are hard work. In February, March, and April—the spawning season—bundles of sticks are laid out on racks in the river. When the tide washes over, the spawn sticks to them.

After a few months these sticks, which are in bundles of 20, are taken to the upper reaches of the river, and are separately laid out. It takes about two years for the cultivation of the oysters.

Doreen explained to me that part of the year's work is to go up the river and cut mangrove sticks, to the bark of which the spawn readily catches. She has cut as many as 6000 in a month for her father's leases.

Sea mullet

THE first three months of the new year will be spent by Doreen and Jim in catching the sea mullet which come in from the ocean and travel round the river.

These months are known as the "travelling season," meaning that the fish are on the move.

Skilful fishermen, from years of experience, know the routes that the fish take, and net them when they come past certain beaches.

"Only some beaches are favorable for netting," explained Doreen. "It depends on how the tides run, and if there are rocks near the beach which could foul the net."

These few months will mean hard work and long hours for Doreen and Jim, and the other fishermen, but when the price is high for fish, hundreds of pounds are made.

Shark fishing is another of Doreen's regular jobs. Last year she had a number of good catches.

"Of course, it's a bit tricky catching sharks," she said. "They take a long time to die, and you've got to be quick, otherwise they'll nip your arm or leg," she added cheerfully.

DEVOTED PET Laddie curls up comfortably on fishing net while his mistress mends the net. Doreen is one of few women in Australia to hold a fishing licence.

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Editorial

DECEMBER 29, 1945

HAPPY NEW YEAR

THERE are few of us so old or so cynical as to greet the new year without a slight lifting of the heart and spirit.

In childhood it had the magic of the fresh beginning, the unknown future, which years of experience do not entirely dispel.

It is the illusion of a fresh start, for which all of us in our secret hearts long at times; and, knowing that is impossible, we like to think that a new year will bring a brighter change in our fortunes, a firmer resolve to deal with personal difficulties.

We never give up entirely the belief that next year we will manage things a little better, that luck will be on our side. And in that very optimism lies the hope of the human race.

Had mankind been pessimistic by nature, it would have lain down and died full of misery centuries ago.

To read history is to wonder how human beings stood so much misfortune, so many wars, so much crass wrong-headedness, and survived.

But they did survive. From this we take courage as we look forward to January, 1946.

The worst war of all wars is behind us. The track ahead is obscure and beset with obstacles.

Peace is not yet the shining dream that millions fought and died for. There are still innumerable problems to be settled before that dream is realised.

But all over the world men and women are looking forward with new heart, a fresh hope, and a resolution, expressed once more as always down the centuries in the brave wish — "Happy New Year."

JOAN McCRACKEN, as Daisy, in a strip ballet dance from the New York hit, "Bloomer Girl." This show, which tells the story of the feminist Amelia Bloomer, exemplifies the current trend to ballet in musicals.

Highbrow trend in musicals

New York shows feature interpretative dancing

Radioed by LINDSAY CLINCH of our New York staff.

Tap dancing is on its way out on Broadway, and, curiously enough, modern ballet is taking its place. Nowadays every musical show which opens in the world's greatest show centre—New York—features ballet.

During the war America, cut off from the source of its ballet performers who for decades had come from Europe, set out with the assistance of a nucleus of European ballet dancers and choreographers to Americanise the medium.

DANCER Sono Osato, half Irish, half Japanese, in a scene from the musical, "On the Town," in New York. Scene depicts a sailor in a subway train picking up a girl.

EARLIER in the piece Americans began to replace the classic ballet pieces—known in America as "White Ballet"—with more colorful compositions depicting contemporary life.

There were less "Prince Igors" and "Scheherazades" on programmes and more pieces such as those depicting the tragedy of Frankie and Johnnie and the building of the Union Pacific Railroad.

The movement began 12 years ago in a small way against violent opposition from conservatives.

Introduction of juke-box rhythm, of girls in Western costumes dancing in a stage version of a Western gambling hell, was not received very enthusiastically by those formally dressed opera-house regulars who came to see dainty white figures in classical numbers.

But young American men and women began to line up at the opera doors waiting for hours to see this new dancing.

Jerome Robbins, writing in the New York "Times," tells how he heard young girls asking at the box office: "When does the murder ballet come on?" or "What day can we see the sailor ballet?"

The murder ballet was "Frankie and Johnnie," and the sailor ballet a piece now regarded as an American classic, "Fancy Free." It is the story of the wanderings of sailors on leave in New York City.

Broadway didn't take any notice of the new trend until three years ago, when "Oklahoma!" which proved to be a smash hit musical, dropped the usual "line" of cutles and introduced interpretative dancing.

The producers dropped the idea of breaking into the plot with a dancing number. Instead, the new ballet numbers carried on with the story.

The idea proved sensational. Joan McCracken, who appeared as the leading ballet dancer, got a Hollywood contract.

After "Oklahoma!" was established she was replaced, and starred in the new musical, "Bloomer Girl," where again interpretative dancing replaced the old Broadway chorus.

The new ballet has spread to all musicals. Small, hard-working, ill-paid opera companies who have been touring for years are now modernising their programmes. They are playing to small country audiences, who are crowding the shows.

Internationally known dancers, who appeared twice yearly in classical programmes at the Opera House, now find they have a full-time job on Broadway.

Money in it

CHOREOGRAPHERS who found it difficult to make a living five or six years ago have their names on Broadway in electric lights.

Incomes of leading ballet dancers have jumped from £600 a month to £1400 a month.

Blonde Irina Baronova has been appearing in the musical, "Follow the Girls." Anton Dolin and Alicia Markova had a season in Billy Rose's extravaganza, "The Seven Lively Arts." David Lichine is working on a new Walt Disney full-length feature.

The idea spread rapidly from Broadway to Hollywood. Marc Platoff, dancer-choreographer, formerly of the Monte Carlo Russian Ballet, is making good in Hollywood.

Tamara Toumanova, "the black pearl of the Russian Ballet," and Vera Zorina have engagements both in New York and Hollywood.

One of the most striking dancers at present appearing in New York is half-Irish, half-Japanese Sono Osato, whose comedy dancing in "On the Town," keeps the show going, for otherwise it is mediocre.

Much of the success of ballet on Broadway is due to the fine work of Agnes de Mille, regarded by producers for a number of years as a "long-haired crank."

She got her chance in "Oklahoma!" where, to the surprise of many Broadway regulars, she was featured as the show's choreographer, something which no Broadway musical had ever had before.

Her charming numbers made "Oklahoma!" Her next show was "One Touch of Venus" and then "On the Town."

Other producers started to hunt for choreographers.

The producers of "Song of Norway" employed George Balanchine, whom the advertising men described as "one of ballet's most highbrow choreographers." Balanchine put into the show the entire company of the Monte Carlo Russian Ballet.

How long the new ballet craze will last is a question now being discussed by showmen. Critics predict that if choreographers continue to give the public new stories in their ballets it will stay.

Eventually it will have an effect upon ballroom dancing, which critics say is more freakish than ever and badly in need of improvement.

American dress designers are following the new trend, and are featuring ballet suits for schoolgirls of tight-fitting slacks and sweaters

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep.*

Interesting People

LORD JUSTICE LAWRENCE

. . . Nuremberg trials

NOTED English constitutional lawyer Lord Justice Lawrence is chief judge at Nuremberg trial of Nazi leaders by Allied International War Crimes Tribunal. Post carries unique responsibilities. Trial is first of its kind, and with no precedents to guide him the presiding judge has the duty of not only seeing that justice is done, but must conduct trial in such manner that it will stand the test of history.

SISTER MYRA BLANCH

. . . Flying Doctor Service

FIRST nurse appointed to Flying Doctor Service in Australia is Sister Myra Blanch, of Brisbane, formerly of Australian Army Nursing Service. Attached to N.S.W. branch of service and stationed at Broken Hill, she will assist work of N.S.W. Flying Doctor. Will make preliminary medical surveys, give talks over pedal radio network, do home nursing and welfare work for outback families. Before joining A.I.F. was sister at Australian Inland Mission at Innamincka.

MAJ/GEN. C. STEELE

. . . Kernot Medal

FOR distinguished wartime engineering achievement, Major-General Clive Steele, Melbourne, has been awarded 1944 Kernot Memorial Medal by Melbourne University. Appointed Engineer-in-Chief, Allied Land Forces, in 1942, his genius found wide scope in training and equipping engineering force for A.M.F. jungle and amphibious operations in Pacific. Also gave outstanding service with A.I.F. in Middle East. For time was Chief Engineer, all Allied Forces, Palestine and Syria.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

INTERESTING weeks ahead for many people. Good fortune predominates for those born under Capricorn, Taurus, and Virgo.

Cancerians now find themselves embroiled in arguments, partings, losses, opposition. Arians and Librans experience many annoyances, difficulties, delays, and worries. A time for all the first group to seek progress and gains, but for the last groups to live quietly and try to avoid changes.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological diary for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live cautiously now. Avoid changes, discord, obstacles. Routine work strongly advised. Especially on Dec. 26, 27, and 28.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Keep busy now. Seek advancement, gains, happiness. Utilise Dec. 24 and 25. Dec. 28 (late) and 29 poor.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Recent difficulties now ease somewhat, but avoid impatience and big changes yet. Dec. 26 (from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.) and 27 fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Beware pitfalls of all kinds. Dodge partings, losses, opposition. Things go against you. Especially on Dec. 26, 27, and 28. Routine work advised.

LEO (July 23 to Aug. 24): Recent good times now change somewhat. But there are a few odd spots of continued good luck. Dec. 27 (to 4 p.m.) and 28 (from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m.) good.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23): Seek desired goals now, for your stars favor you. Especially on Dec. 24 (except 7 to 9 p.m.), 25 (to 9 p.m.), 27 (forenoon and 2 to 4 p.m.), 28 (forenoon and sunset), and 29 (to 1 p.m.).

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Very poor conditions now, so live quietly. Avoid discord, changes, new contracts, worries. Especially Dec. 26, 27, and 28. Routine work wisest.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A very fair time for many Scorpions. Dec. 25 helpful (from 4 to 9 p.m.), 27 (from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m.), and 28 (forenoon to sunset) helpful also.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Just routine work now, though benefits from recent efforts may materialise. Dec. 25 and 31 poor, but Dec. 27 (from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m.) and 28 (from 9 a.m. to sunset) quite fair.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Speed up important affairs now. Success likely. Seek progress, gains, changes. Especially on Dec. 24 (except dusk), 25 (to dusk), 29 (to 1 p.m.), 30 (dusk), and 31.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Dec. 27 (to 4 p.m.) and 28 (to sunset) can be mildly helpful. Concentrate on routine tasks, but plan ahead.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Be cautious on Dec. 25 and 31, but 27 (to 4 p.m.), 28 (forenoon to 6 p.m.), 29 (to 1 p.m.), and 30 (dusk) can be quite helpful for minor affairs.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 21 to 32.
SUGAR: 11 to 18.
BUTTER: 22 to 34 (to Jan. 13).
MEAT: Black, 50 to 55; red and green, 57 and 59 (till Jan. 13). On Dec. 31, black 54 to 56, and red and green, 61 and 63 also became valid.
CLOTHES: Y1-56, 57-112.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, appalled by the many cruelties of
PRINCE PAULO: Ruler of the country of Dementor, rescue his captives
DORMUS: A handsome young singer, and
SYBIL-LOUISA: A beautiful girl whom Paulo intended to marry.

Paulo is infuriated at Mandrake's interference. He lures Mandrake into a room where from ceiling to wall are heavy steel spikes which spring out and crisscross the room. While Paulo works the machinery which he thinks spells Mandrake's doom, Mandrake's figure image cries to Lothar for help. Lothar rushes to the rescue. NOW READ ON:

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Half-castes will have own colony in North

Young evacuees spent happy schooldays with white children

By MERTON WOODS

Seventy half-caste aboriginal children, innocent victims of fate and war, are soon to start an adventure designed to bring them pride and happiness.

They will be the first occupants of a colony for half-caste waifs established by the Methodist Mission on Crocker Island, north of Darwin.

THE missioners plan to educate and instruct as many half-caste children as possible until they can fill an accepted place in Australia's community life.

The 70 half-caste children who will be the first party sent to Crocker Island are now living at Otford, picturesque South Coast hamlet 32 miles from Sydney.

They were moved to Otford in June, 1942, when the threat of Japanese invasion caused their evacuation from Crocker Island.

At Otford they have lived in a spacious country home owned by the Methodist Mission.

They have all gone to school in Otford's two-room schoolhouse, learning to read, write, sing, and paint, alongside the white children of Otford's residents.

For three years the white children have accepted their new classmates without question, have vied with them at lessons, and romped with them at playtime.

This year 55 half-castes and 20 white children went to Otford School.

Six of the half-caste girls attended Wollongong High School, one boy went to Woonona School, and eight older girls are in domestic service in Sydney homes.

Before being succored by the Methodist Mission, many of the children were despised and unwanted waifs.

One, Marjorie, a nine-year-old of Javanese-aboriginal blood, was rescued four years ago from a sordid opium den in Darwin.

Marjorie has normal powers of speech, but because in the opium den she was threatened with violence if she spoke or cried, she has made herself "dumb."

She does not speak to the other children or to her schoolteachers, Mr. C. W. Greentree and Miss Marcia Smith, or to Methodist Missioners Miss J. K. March and Miss Margaret Sommerville, who run the Otford Mission House.

But she laughs and plays with the other children, making signs to let them know what she needs. They attach no significance to Marjorie's "dumbness."

When the children first came to Otford, many knew no other names than those the missioners had bestowed on them.

Some of the girls changed their Mission Christian names to those of their favorite film stars.

One child who bears a striking resemblance to Claudette Colbert insists on being called "Claudette."

Until they began to mingle with the white children at Otford, the half-castes did not know the meaning of birthdays.

But when they learned that on a certain day each year a white classmate received gifts and strangely became a year older, they decided to get into the birthday business, too.

So 70 random dates, judiciously spaced by Miss March, were chosen by the children as their birthdays.

HAPPY SMILES from some of the half-caste children evacuated from the Northern Territory three years ago. They are being cared for at a Methodist Mission Home at Otford, N.S.W.

WHITE CHILDREN shared desks with their dusky schoolmates at Otford Public School. Mr. C. W. Greentree is the teacher.

High intelligence

MR. GREENTREE, who has taught the half-castes for two and a half years, considers their intelligence is as high as that of any white children he has taught in his 20 years as a teacher.

He has mastered the extraordinary shyness which dominates the relations of these children with white people.

The children's shyness has been gradually overcome, and they now reveal their knowledge individually. But they prefer written tests, in which they co-operate enthusiastically.

All of them show very high musical and artistic ability.

Mr. Greentree cites the six half-caste girls attending Wollongong Domestic Science School as typical examples of the half-castes' intelligence.

Wollongong Domestic Science School wished to put these girls in a special class, but the Mission authorities suggested they attend classes with white pupils.

Since then the half-caste girls have topped their classes in art, physiology, and English.

Miss J. K. March, head missioner at Otford, worked for 15 years at a mission at Rabaul (New Britain). She and Miss Sommerville evacuated the children from Crocker Island.

They will return with the children.

Miss March said: "Because Australia has such a small population it cannot afford to discard anyone as outcasts.

"We intend to make the children who will pass through our hands at Crocker Island living examples of the good that can be extracted from aboriginal half-castes.

"We want half-caste boys and girls reared on Crocker Island to marry and live on their own farms on the island.

"We plan to give the girls a sense of self-respect, self-confidence, and responsibility, so that, either on their own account or with the help of the Mission, they can manage restaurants, cake shops, or dressmaking shops in Darwin."

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Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ ANCHORS AWEIGH

TOP-NOTCH entertainment comes with this MGM technicolor musical, starring Gene Kelly, Frank Sinatra, and Katherine Grayson. Sinatra fans will be satisfied with the singing and acting of their film idol, but highest honors go to Gene Kelly. His brilliant dancing and competent acting mark him as a best bet for any box office.

The story tells of Kelly and Sinatra, as two sailors on shore leave; Katherine Grayson as a movie extra who wants to become a singer, and whose cause is sponsored by the boys, who manage to get her an audition with Jose Iturbi.—St. James; showing.

★★★ ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

WARNER BROS. and producer Jesse Lasky have brought to the screen an enthralling biography of America's much-loved author, Mark Twain.

The production covers the life story of Twain, from his adventurous childhood, passed fame and depression, until death ended his brilliant career. Against this background unfolds the tender romance between Fredric March, in the title role, and Alexis Smith as his devoted wife Livvy.

March gives one of the most impressive performances of his career. Miss Smith, too, proves she is an able actress.—Tatler; showing.

★★ DUFFY'S TAVERN

AFTER a slow start, Paramount's musical romps away madly to an hilarious finish with a dazzling array of its top stars all appearing in speciality acts. Fans will be highly entertained by the episode when Robert Benchley tells the four Crosby kids a fantastic story of their father's boyhood, which is enacted with zest by Bing, Dorothy Lamour, and Barry Fitzgerald. Eddie Bracken in a Western burlesque brings nostalgic memories of old Mack Sennett days, and Betty Hutton screams her way through a song scena. Sonny Tufts, Paulette Goddard, and Veronica Lake all join in the gay nonsense.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ THAT NIGHT WITH YOU

FRANCHOT TONE has a field day in a Universal comedy which is good fun throughout. He co-stars with Susanna Foster, David Bruce, and Louise Albritton. As a confirmed bachelor and stage producer who finds himself confronted with an alleged daughter (Susanna Foster), Tone is at his comedy best. Miss Foster does well, and sings beautifully as the stage-struck girl who pretends she is the result of a very youthful, brief marriage incurred by Tone years before.

Sprightly Louise Albritton helps things along, and David Bruce provides romance for the purposeful Miss Foster.—Lyceum; showing.

★★ LADY ON A TRAIN

STARRING a glamorised Deanna Durbin, Universal have turned out an odd film which is a mixture of musical, thriller, drama, and farce, with the inevitable result of not completely making the grade in any portion of it. Deanna is a murder mystery fan, who, having seen a murder through a train window, sets to work to unmask the killer to her disbelieving friends. She receives help and hindrance from various people, including Ralph Bellamy, David Bruce, and Edward Everett Horton, but is not too busy to find time to sing three times.—State; showing.

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SCHOOLBOYS DISCOVER MAGIC OF PUPPETS

KEEN INTEREST is shown by two boys in a puppet show put on in their class-room.

BOYS manipulate puppets in scene from "The Magic Fishbone," adapted fairy tale.

SCHOOLBOYS pictured here have found a new and fascinating hobby in puppetry—and they don't mind that it involves them in such domestic chores as laundering and dressmaking. It was introduced into Gladstone Park School, Balmain, N.S.W., by Mr. Allan Lewis (co-designer, with his wife Kay, of our marionette cover).

KEITH STEWART, 15, puts finishing touches to backcloth. Keith does all decor for shows.

WARDROBE MASTER Bob Nicholson, 14, uses sewing-machine expertly, making puppets' clothes. His mother taught him.

PUPPETS' COSTUMES are kept pressed. Bob Mackie (15) is one of the ironers.

TOM DAVIDSON, 14, displays puppet characters modelled and dressed by class members. Boys speak the parts as well as manipulating dolls.

INSTRUCTRESS Mrs. O. Gurton directs boys staging "The Musicians of Bremen." Dialogue, scenery, and puppets of this show are original.

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This little boy's receding chin was spoiling his looks . . . and his poise. A dentist discovered that the forward growth of the boy's jaw was being checked by improper position of his teeth. Fortunately, he'd been taken to the dentist in time to correct his teeth so his jaw could develop normally.

Today he's a different boy . . . . better-looking, well-poised! Parents, be sure your children visit the dentist early . . . and regularly! And always insist upon careful brushing with Pepsodent Tooth Paste to keep teeth sparkling bright.

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This girl's undershot chin was spoiling her looks. Her lower teeth extended far beyond the uppers . . . and could not meet properly. However, with modern dental treatments it was possible to correct her undershot chin . . . bring her teeth and jaw back into normal position and improve her looks.

The important point is . . . her parents consulted a dentist early . . . while features were forming and correction was still possible. Watch your child's teeth carefully . . . especially during the growing years. Remember your child's looks and personality throughout life will be influenced by the early care the teeth get.

So take your child to the dentist regularly . . . and insist upon the habit of careful daily brushing with Pepsodent Tooth Paste to keep teeth shining brighter.

Drawn from an actual case record

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DENIS COLLINSON, musical director of some of the favorite sessions broadcast over 2GB, who delights Australian audiences with his orchestral arrangements.

Radio star likes cooking

Denis Collinson, whose fine orchestrations are a feature of such popular 2GB shows as "Calling the Stars," the "Cashmere Bouquet Show," and "Lasting Loveliness," is just as much at home in the role of chef as he is in that of conductor.

He is frequently found studying culinary hints and as a result is becoming famous among his radio colleagues for his cooking.

HIS favorite dish is omelets, for which he seems to have a definite flair.

Invitations to supper parties at his home are prized because of his combined capabilities as a host and chef.

On the musical side he conducts an orchestra which has been compared with that of the famous American, Andre Kostelanetz.

It will be recalled that Kostelanetz, who is the husband of Lily Pons, famous French singer, is noted for the full "symphonic" scale of his work, and the brilliant harmonic structures that characterise it.

Mr. Collinson's orchestral personnel number thirty, and there are many top-flight players included in their ranks. Mr. Haydn Beck, well known for his solo performances with visiting celebrity conductors, plays lead, and his associate artists are listed below:

Violins: Miss Pat Buchanan, Miss Ena Wooderson, Mr. R. Acheson, Mr. C. McGlynn, Mr. H. Southwell, Miss Doreen Price, Mr. L. Smith.

Violas: Miss Gumpertz, Mr. W. Marsh; 'cello, Mr. J. van der Klei.

Harps: Miss Elizabeth Vidler and Miss Joyce Lang.

Oboe, Mr. J. Drinkwater. Flute, Bede Connolly. Piano, Alfred Shaw. Clarinets, saxes, and flutes, Messrs. L. Keene, J. Moore, J. Creary, A. Kinlock N. O'Toole. Bass, Mr. V. Wood. Drums, Mr. J. Flowers. Guitar, Mr. C. Adams. Trumpets, Messrs. G. Taylor, W. Walters, L. Archer. Trombones, Messrs. H. Larson and H. Griffiths. French horn, Mr. H. Woolfe.

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This sweet little blouse has a flattering "U"-shaped neckline edged with self ruffles and wide, extended shoulders. The sleeves are short and puffed, and the blouse itself has sufficient length for a comfortable tuck-in.
Ready To Wear: 32 to 34in. bust, 19/11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 21/6 (6 coupons). Postage, 1/3½ extra.
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"NORA" is also available in rayon crepe-de-chine in attractive shades of pastel pink, blue, green and chalk-white.
The neckline tie of this little blouse may be worn open, as illustrated, or done up to the neck. Shoulders are extended, and the sleeves are straight and short. Fullness is given over the bustline from a small shoulder-yoke. Front is fastened with self-covered buttons and a good length for comfortable wearing is given.
Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, 19/11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 21/11 (6 coupons). Postage, 1/3½ extra.
Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, 12/11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 14/11 (6 coupons). Postage, 1/3½ extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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The pattern for this sweet little suit comes to you traced on a British cambric cotton in shades of lemon, green, blue, and pink, and is all ready to cut out and make up.
It features an unusually styled shirt, embroidered orphan pocket ready for working, and short tailored trousers that button on to the shirt.
Sizes 1 to 2 years, 8/11 (4 coupons); 2 to 4 years, 10/6 (5 coupons); 4 to 6 years, 11/9 (5 coupons). Postage, 6½d. extra.

No. 674
USEFUL COSMETIC CASE

This sweet and very useful cosmetic bag comes to you with the design traced on a lovely cotton in shades of pale blue, beige, or dove-grey. On the front of the case is traced a floral motif all ready for working in pastel toonings. Lace is not supplied.
Size 5in. x 3in., price 1/3, postage 1½d. extra. No coupons.

F4124.—A sun frock and jacket for lazy summer days. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

★ *PLEASE NOTE!* To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should ★ *Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS.* ★ *Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS.* ★ *State size required.* ★ *For children state age of child.* ★ *Use box numbers given on this page.* ★ *No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F4127.—Attractive, slim-fitting slip. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

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FEMININE PUNTERS Mrs. Ginty Waugh, of Jugiong, with Mrs. Grif Tait, of "Gunnong Jugraicah," Jugiong, came to the Diggers' race meeting at Cootamundra.

INFORMAL SNAP of Mary Dixson and her fiance, Ivan Black, Liberal candidate who won the by-election for Neutral Bay. Ivan, who was with R.A.N. attached to R.N., was P.O.W. in Germany. Couple plan marriage in March or April of next year.

INTERESTING WEDDING. Major Ivor Buchanan Scott, R.A., and his bride, formerly Jean Friend, leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, with their six attendants, Anne Clift (left), Suzanne Lodge, Sammy Whitney, Annette Fielding Jones, Mary Whitney, and Jimmy Whitney. Bride is elder daughter of late Mr. O. E. Friend and of Mrs. Friend, of Woollahra. Couple returned from honeymoon at Canberra this week.

CELEBRATION. Margaret Johns and her fiance, Lieut. Colin Jew, R.A.N., snapped at a cocktail party at the home of Margaret's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Johns, of Bellevue Hill. Couple plan marriage at St. John's, Darlinghurst, on January 26.

Intimate Jottings

FIRST Christmas in Australia spent by Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at their Canberra home, Yarralumla.

Such a week of celebrations in the Royal household, especially for little Prince William, who celebrates his first peacetime Christmas and his fourth birthday. In fact, it's just a whirl of birthdays, as Captain Sandy Ramsay, A.D.C., celebrates his on December 21; Lady Clive's birthday is on Christmas Eve, and the Duchess' birthday is on Christmas Day.

• • •

PRINCE WILLIAM'S most special gifts, I believe, are a large red tricycle from Father Christmas and a super electric train, which Brigadier Derek Schreiber brought with him from England as a gift for the little Prince for this Christmas.

Mr. Roach, of the Commonwealth garage, Canberra, has worked for six months on the train and tracks and aerodrome of the wonderful "dream toy." Days before Christmas the toy was set up in the private dining-room at Yarralumla with the door tightly locked in case Prince William should catch a glimpse.

Rumor tells me the Duke is no exception, and, like most fathers, is just as interested and has as much fun as his young son when it comes to inspecting the train!

• • •

SPECIAL guests at Yarralumla are the Governor of Victoria, Sir Winston Dugan, and Lady Dugan, with whom the Duke and Duchess recently spent a month in Melbourne. The whole domestic staff spend Christmas at Yarralumla, as many of them had leave while the Duke and Duchess were in Melbourne.

• • •

WHEN the Duke flew down to Sydney on the occasion of the official laying of the foundation of Legacy House he brought with him gifts from the Duchess to be sent to England. Lambswool coats for Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose were among the gifts.

• • •

LOVELY setting of Riverview School Chapel chosen by Surgeon-Lieut. Brian Oxenham, R.A.N.R., and his lovely bride, formerly Ginette Scamps. Neither Ginette nor Brian has attendants, but all their friends foregather at reception held in Gloucester Room of Australia to drink health of couple. Ginette is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philippe Scamps, of Turramurra.

• • •

LIKED the story of the week about the couple who went down to Prince's each armed with "a good book" and settled themselves down for a night's reading. Reason was they'd run out of candles at home!

NEW STUDIO for the Arts and Crafts Society of N.S.W. in the old stables of Mrs. Hunter White's home at Double Bay. Mrs. Ann Gillmore Rees, director of recently started classes in design, shows brushwork to Mrs. Ben Edye (left) and Miss Naomi Kirkpatrick.

FASCINATING letter and cables reach me from America from Peg McCartney, our former film critic and fashion-writer, telling me news of her marriage with Leith Stevens. Pet met Leith when he came to Australia with the U.S. Office of War Information. Couple were married in Old Spanish-style, ivy-covered Presbyterian Church, surrounded with gum trees and wattle trees, at Santa Barbara, California.

Reception was held after ceremony at famous El Encanto Hotel, where Peg's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. E. McCartney, of Roseville, John and Sally McHose, well known in Sydney, and Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Dickerson, of Santa Barbara, drank the health of bride and bridegroom.

Peg tells me she chose pale blue angora wool suit with matching flower-decked curvette and brown accessories. After honeymoon at Palm Springs they will return to spend Christmas Day with Peg's parents before making their home at Leith's ranch, Tarzana, in the San Fernando Valley, 15 miles from Los Angeles.

• • •

CHRISTMAS week brings forth a flock of weddings when five pretty Sydney lasses decide to marry before the New Year.

Julee Helen McGrath is the first to go off when she and Barry Lyle choose December 27 for their wedding at St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay. Lieut. Joan Spark, who is just down from New Guinea, is attractive hostess to Julee Helen when she gives pre-wedding luncheon at Prince's . . . December 28 is date fixed by Joan McPhee for her wedding with Lieut. Dan Scratton, R.N., at nuptial mass at St. Canice's, Roslyn Gardens.

HONEYMOONERS. Private Frank Collin, N.Z.E.F., and his bride, formerly Margaret Frith, only daughter of Mr. W. Frith, M.L.A., and Mrs. Frith, of Lismore. Couple sailed for New Zealand, where they will make future home.

THREE lovely brides choose December 29 . . . Marcelle Poate will walk up aisle of St. Mark's, Darling Point, with Captain Neville Hoddle, A.A.M.C. . . . Pat Farrar chooses St. Michael's, Vaucluse, for her marriage with Lieut-Commander Eric Burnham, R.N. . . . Betty Deane plans marriage with Lieut. (E), Eric McKee, R.N., at St. Mary's.

Joyce

PRESENTATION GIFT. President of Victoria League Young Contingent, Anne Hill (left), admires plaque and pennant presented to League by warrant-officers of K.G. 5. Chippy Bedingfield, Tom Burge, George Tate, of the K.G. 5, and Suzanne Crouch inspect pennant, which was taken ashore at Tokio Bay and flown from British Embassy.

COOL SUMMER FROCKS to combat the heat at the recent Diggers' race meeting at Cootamundra are worn by Mrs. Sam Osborne, of Redbank, Harden, and Mrs. Stewart Jamieson, who attended the meeting.

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● GIG YOUNG recently was discharged from U.S. Coast Guard. He will resume work for Warners in "Escape Me Never," starring Errol Flynn and Ida Lupino.

● ALEXIS SMITH, Warners' glamor star and one of the busiest players in Hollywood. She has completed five films in recent months, her latest being "Night and Day," in which she co-stars with Cary Grant and Jane Wyman in a story of the life of famous American composer Cole Porter.

● BARBARA STANWYCK fans now demand her appearance in tough roles after her success in the Paramount thriller "Double Indemnity." Barbara made a comedy for Warners, but she has followed it with a drama, "My Reputation."

Movie World

● DANE CLARK is one of the most rapidly improving players in Hollywood. His versatility has been proved in recent comedy and dramatic roles, and his most successful part to date is that of a Marine in Warners' forthcoming "Pride of the Marines."

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'ASPRO'

YOU can have too much of a good thing sometimes. For instance, sunshine. Severe summer heat and glare are health problems in every country. In tropical areas men and women suffer severe heat prostration. Even in more temperate climates the depressing effects of heat are evidenced on every hand. Sun-glare headaches are common everyday experiences. Sleepless nights are followed by irritable mornings. Nerves are on "edge." Summer chills, Hay Fever, etc., may mean laying up for days 'ASPRO' is invaluable for Summer Complaints. It reduces fever and temperature quickly. It soothes away pains and aches and relieves headache in 5 to 10 minutes. 'ASPRO' does all this because, after indigestion in the system, it is a solvent of Uric Acid, a powerful germicide, an anti-pyretic, an anti-fermentative and a anti-periodic. Always keep a packet in the home.

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Nicholas Product

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"VAXOS" costs only 21/- a large bottle containing 24 c.c.'s, which is sufficient for several weeks' treatment for chronic cases. The medium size bottle for milder cases is obtainable at a cost of 12/6.

VAXOS No 1 ORAL VACCINE

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VID. 12

Thrill of Romance

1 **BUSINESS MAN** Bob Delbar (Young) marries swimming instructor Cynthia Glenn (Williams), but leaves her immediately for business trip to Washington.

2 **ALONE** at a luxury hotel, Cynthia meets war hero Tommy Milvaine (Johnson), who soon falls in love with her.

3 **FRIENDSHIP** between Tommy and singer Nils Knudsen (Melchior) develops, and Tommy tells Nils that Cynthia is already married, but he thinks she loves him.

4 **FAVORITE WALK** of the three friends is to the mountain top, near the hotel, though Nils thinks the steep climb more suited to romantic young people.

5 **DURING** a later mountain tour Tommy and Cynthia get lost and remain out all night. When they return to the hotel Bob has arrived and accuses Cynthia of being in love with Tommy.

6 **FINDING** that a legal error had not freed Bob from his first wife, Cynthia is able to promise Tommy she will marry him.

LUXURY SETTING FOR ROMANCE STARRING VAN JOHNSON

MGM have used technicolor to highlight luxury settings in a story starring the teen-age fans' idol, Van Johnson, with glamor girl Esther Williams. The film also introduces Metropolitan Opera star Lauritz Melchior, in a comedy matchmaking role as well as that of singer. Tommy Dorsey's band appears, and also a promising newcomer, Carleton Young.

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Limited Supplies of some Cyclops toys this Xmas

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Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

IF you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When care is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and unsightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing, and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment today.

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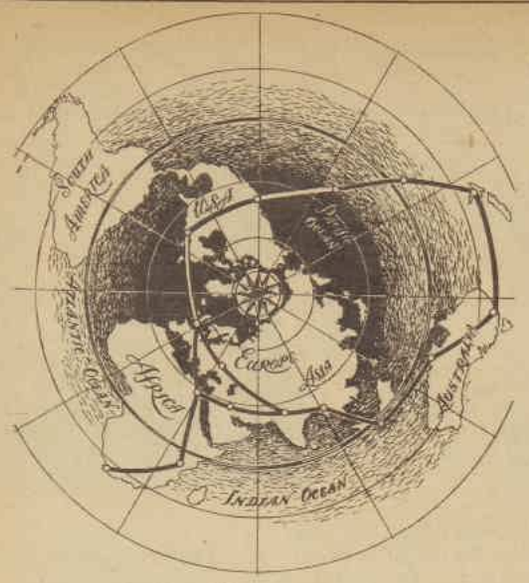

...."a Girdle round the Earth"

—*Shakespeare*

No longer a "Midsummer Night's Dream"—but a fully accomplished fact—is the encircling of the globe by fast modern aircraft in this new Age of Flight.

Qantas plays a major role in world air communications . . . speeding passengers and mails on Empire Routes, as accredited Air Representatives of the Commonwealth Government—and as Australia's *International* Airline.

Qantas Empire Airways

Australia's INTERNATIONAL *Airline*

Plan for Perfection

Continued from page 9

MR. WESTON was waiting for them at the gate. He greeted Robin warmly.

"And Alan?" Robin asked.

"He's in the living-room with his grandmother. I——" Mr. Weston blinked nervously behind his glasses. "I'm afraid he's being a little—difficult."

Robin stopped. "About—me?"

"Well, yes. He's just got it into his head that you don't want him."

"Don't want him!" Robin flushed.

"What nonsense, I——" he limped hurriedly through the door.

"Robin, please," Lauraine held out her hand, "let me go in first. Alan is rather a problem child. He——" She ran ahead into the living-room. At the far corner, by the window, Alan was clinging desperately to the curtains, while his grandmother knelt anxiously beside him.

"Oh," she said, relieved, "here's Mummy, pet."

Alan stopped yelling, abruptly, and stared at the tall, thin young man standing in the doorway behind Lauraine. "Are you——"

"Yes, Alan, I'm your Daddy."

"Oh." The small face puckered, the lower lip stuck out, aggressively. "Then you can go away, cos' I don't like you."

"Now, Alan," Lauraine took a step forward, but Robin called her back with a voice suddenly sharp and commanding. "No, Lauraine, don't interfere. Alan, I'm sorry you don't like me—but won't you tell me why?"

Alan was frightened, but he stood his ground. "Cos' you didn't wan' me at the train an' made Mummy send me here."

"But Daddy has brought you a lovely present all the way from Germany." This came from Mrs. Weston.

The effect was immediate. Alan dropped the curtains and advanced a step, then retreated. "No," he said, "you brin' it to me."

Robin smiled. "All right, son." With the roundabout tucked out of sight, he limped towards his child.

"You've got a funny foot," Alan said, reproachfully.

Robin stopped dead, his face whitened.

"I'm afraid I have."

"Can you climb trees?"

"No, Alan."

"Oh. Peter Fewvering's Daddy can—can climb anything." There was shame in Alan's voice.

Robin stuck it, grimly. He reached Alan, produced the roundabout, set it in motion. "Like it?"

"No," Alan said, flatly, "it's silly. I like nengines."

Robin put the toy down carefully, on a table. Then he turned and limped out of the room . . .

"Well," Lauraine said brightly, as they got into the train for home, "he said good-bye in quite a friendly way, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes. After you had all been at him. Bribed, cajoled, explained. Daddy home from the war, poor, brave Daddy. And——"

Robin swung his head round and faced her, his eyes dark with misery and anger, "and—that it isn't the thing to pass remarks about a—a funny foot."

"Robin!" Lauraine took his hand. "Robin, if you refuse to be intelligent about this we shall get nowhere. If you'd studied child psychology as I have——"

Her husband smiled, grimly. "Afraid we didn't have much time for reading—in the Rhineland."

They did not speak about it again in the train going home. Or while they ate their supper. And next day, Lauraine carried her husband off for a fortnight by the sea . . .

Seadune was an enchanting spot, and the weather was glorious. Robin lay about in the sun and lost his pallor. He laughed quite a lot, he read, he fished. He never mentioned Alan. That worried her. Another thing that worried her was the wholehearted way Robin gave himself up to the present. He never discussed the future, or a job. They were on holiday, but even so . . .

One afternoon, as they sat on the sands, leaning against an upturned fishing-boat, Lauraine broached the subject. "How," she asked casually, "did you like working for Mr. Peabody?"

"Peabody?" Robin echoed, sleepily. He opened his eyes, and laughed. "Gosh, what a lifetime ago it seems. Peabody, Applewhite and Hungerford, Advertising Agents. All-efficient, all-talking, all-terrifying." He broke off with an exaggerated shudder.

Lauraine laughed. "You were only nineteen then, a sort of glorified stamp-licker. It would be different now. You're a man with ideas, assurance, a brain——"

Robin raised a mocking eyebrow. "Pep-talk, darling?"

"No. But they are a pretty live firm. I ought to know, after all. I was a typist there, wasn't I? That was where we met—if you remember——"

"Good old Peabody-Cupid!" Robin murmured, and crammed his old hat further over his eyes. "Anyway, they'll be full to the brim with staff by now. With hundreds of men coming out of the forces every day. Besides, I——"

Lauraine got to her feet. "I've got to write some letters, Robin. You stay here—I'll call you when tea is ready."

MR. PEABODY'S reply to her letter arrived the evening of the day they returned from Seadune. Lauraine read it, with mounting excitement, in the kitchen, away from Robin's eyes. Mr. Peabody had been delighted to receive her letter. Yes, he remembered her perfectly—pretty little thing with the red hair, eh? Yes, he would be charmed to drop in and take a glass of sherry. Couldn't stop long, of course—but delighted to renew their acquaintance. Yes, certainly, the seventeenth, about sixish.

Now it was the seventeenth, and it was nearly six. Everything was ready—except Robin.

Robin had gone out immediately after breakfast, in a very odd mood. In answer to her question, he had said that he had a date with the future. And in answer to her offer to go with him, he had said he would rather be alone.

He had said he would be home for tea. If he didn't turn up everything would be ruined. All her plans, her schemes would come to nothing.

Lauraine frowned. She felt exhausted. This month of careful cheerfulness, of softening the edges of the difficult moments — Alan's resentment, Robin's feeling of failure—had worn her out. Whatever else happened, she would see that Robin got a good offer from Mr. Peabody.

The doorbell shrilled. Lauraine hurried to open it.

Robin stood outside, grinning sheepishly. He wore his old tweed jacket, his grubby grey flannels. His tie was awry and his hair on end. And holding tightly to his hand was Alan.

"Forgot my key, darling. Gosh, we're hungry. Is there——"

Lauraine was staring, unbelievingly, at Alan. He let go of Robin's hand and bounded toward her. "Look what Daddy made me, Mummy! He made it by the sea—he made it for me—Mummy!" He thrust into her hands a roughly hewn engine. Crude, and painted rather botchily. "It's a nengine, Mummy; a nengine—all for me!"

"Lovely, darling," she said mechanically, and her eyes blazed at Robin. "Of course I'm thrilled that you and Alan have—but why didn't you tell me? Look. I'll run Alan along to Mrs. Dawson next door, she'll keep an eye on him for an hour—and get into your blue suit, Robin, quickly——"

He took in her dress. "Expecting company?"

"Yes, I—heavens!" from down below came the unmistakable squeak of Mr. Peabody's voice. "I'll take Alan the back way. You haven't time to change—just be intelligent—that's all I ask, Robin, be intelligent——"

Please turn to page 29

GIVE BABY LOVELY CURLS

with Curlypet

Two generations of mothers have used Curlypet to curl and beautify their babies' hair, like this mother, who says: "You can see from the photo that baby's hair was quite straight at 21 months, but now she has a head of lovely soft, silky curls that everyone admires." If you would like your baby's hair to grow beautifully curly, start rubbing Curlypet into baby's hair each morning.

Get a tube of Curlypet from your nearest Chemist or Store for 3/8, containing enough for a month's treatment and including full directions for use. If you are far from a Chemist or Store send postal note or stamps for 3/8 to Curlypet, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, and your Curlypet will reach you by return mail. **Remember the name**

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Asthma and **Bronchitis** poison your system, sap your energy, and ruin your health. In 3 minutes Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day brings free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and get relief from Asthma and Bronchitis in next to no time, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The Guarantee protects you.

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Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from **Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy,** you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is Guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you. **Now in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.**

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What's on your mind?

Children need hobbies for holidays

SCHOOLS have broken up for the Christmas holidays. Thousands of young minds freed from the discipline of school are clamoring for new activities.

Children who spend holidays at home should be encouraged to have a hobby. This should be chosen by the child, and be one for which he has a natural aptitude. It will provide diversion and instruction for several hours each day.

Wise parents will take the opportunity to share the child's interest in the hobby.

£1 to Mrs. R. Heath, Broadmeadow Road, Broadmeadow, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Domesticated?

SOME misguided women think that servicemen will make domesticated husbands because they have been accustomed to washing their own clothes and darning socks.

But servicemen say that the end of the war is the end of their domesticity. It will not be easy to get the ex-soldier behind the washtub or in front of the darning basket.

5/- to Miss M. Martin, 8 Wingrove Avenue, Epping, N.S.W.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind," c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Cost of clothes

A FEW weeks ago I received my discharge from the W.A.A.A.F.; since then I have been planning and purchasing my civilian wardrobe. To date I have acquired only bare necessities, and most of my savings are exhausted. Millinery is the worst problem. A wisp of straw costs three to four guineas.

5/- to Mrs. H. Watson, 46a Botany St., Randwick, N.S.W.

Children's entertainment

ENTERTAINMENT as an alternative to pictures should be found for children on Saturday afternoon.

Concerts would be more edifying for young children than many of the romantic and horror films shown.

There should be more English films for the older children, as the subjects are more suitable than those of the average American film.

5/- to Miss E. White, 79 Findon Road, Woodville, S.A.

English canteens

AS a clerk employed in schools by the Kingston-upon-Hull Education Committee I was interested in a letter from Mrs. Noble, of Bondi (26/5/'45) referring to canteens in schools.

At the two schools where I work we usually have 170 to 180 pupils for dinner in the canteen each day. The meal, which includes a savory course and a sweet, costs the pupil 4½d. The teachers pay 8½d. This scheme is subsidised by the Government. Half-pint bottles of milk cost a halfpenny.

The good health of the children proves the benefit of this scheme to them and to the nation.

5/- to Miss Norah Shipman, Tremont Villa, Newgate, Cottingham, Yorks., Eng.

Plan for Perfection

Continued from page 28

SHE caught Alan in her arms and rushed him to the back stairs. Mrs. Dawson was a long time answering her door. She took even longer to understand what Mrs. Smith wanted.

"In such a hurry," Lauraine gasped, "please excuse me. Be good, Alan, won't you?"

She hurried back home. As she reached her front door it opened. Mr. Peabody stood there, and another man—a young man with a two-inch moustache and a bright yellow tie. Their faces were both extremely pink.

"Why, Mr. Peabody!" Lauraine cried, "surely—not going already? I'm so sorry I wasn't in to greet you, I——"

"If this is a joke," Mr. Peabody squeaked, "I take a very poor view of it. A—very—poor—view. And I shall—not—forget—it. Good—evening, Mrs. Smith."

Lauraine watched Mr. Peabody and the unknown young man walk with solemn dignity down the stairs and out of her life. She flew into the living-room. Robin was sprawled on the couch, his pipe in his mouth, the evening paper on his knee.

"I have just," Lauraine said with icy calm, "met Mr. Peabody——"

"Oh, yes. See a bloke with a yellow tie? That was Reginald Perridale. He is Mr. Peabody's latest right-hand man. He is also the man who would have been my direct boss—the man who, in Mr. Peabody's own words, would have licked me into shape, ha-ha, because I'd be pretty rusty after six years' soldiering, ha-ha."

Lauraine sank into a chair. "So he offered you a job?"

"Oh, sure. He didn't waste time about it, either. He's no fool, you ought to know that, Lauraine. He knew why you had asked him in for a glass of sherry. Not much pay, of course, because I've naturally lost touch. But a progressive post—progressive, I imagine, to the degree in which Mr. Peabody progressed with you——"

Lauraine stared at him in horror and terror. When she spoke her voice was edgy with fear.

"Well, what happens now? Where does the rent come from, the food, Alan's milk and clothes? It's—oh, it's a nightmare. It was bad enough worrying about you through the war, wondering if you'd been killed or taken prisoner. But this is worse. You'll be tramping the streets looking for a job. And, anyway, you can't tramp, with your poor foot. And I'm frightened, Robin! I'm terribly, terribly frightened" Lauraine began to cry. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

"That," Robin said gently, "is the one thing I've been waiting to hear——"

Slowly his remark penetrated. She looked up at him.

"I don't," Lauraine said wonderingly, "I just don't understand."

"Listen, my dear," he said gently, "I came home with a million plans, Lauraine. I was going to get the best job in the world and make a fortune. I was bigger than the gods, Lauraine, when I got off that train. And then—what do I find? That you'd planned it all. And I—I—felt like a deflated balloon."

"But Robin, darling, I——"

"No, let me finish. The answer, as I saw it, was that you had no faith whatever in me. That shook me. And as the days passed I began to think you were right—I was crocked, I was tired, I couldn't even make my son like me. I was a failure, and my wife knew it. Lauraine, do you remember the day you left me on the beach, while you went in to write letters? That was the day I did a whole heap of thinking, and, incidentally, that was the day I carved Alan's engine for him."

He took her hands in his.

"I'm speaking plainly, Lauraine. You did too much planning, darling, and I hadn't the nerve to push you off the bridge and take command. Do you realise what would have happened to me if I'd accepted Peabody's offer? I should have been the henpecked, hag-driven little man they draw in the cartoons. Every evening I would trot dutifully back to my wife and say, nervously, 'Yes, dear,' 'no, dear,' 'anything you say, dear.'"

"Oh, Robin, no!" Lauraine made a horrified gesture, "Please stop—I can't bear it. What can I possibly say, what can I possibly do——"

"You can fetch Alan and put him to bed, then you can cook me a meal. To-morrow I'm off to find the kind of job I think best for myself, and the kind of job I deserve—and I'll get it, never fear, on my own two good feet—I should say, my one good foot." Robin paused, and smiled

"I told young Alan a wonderful yarn about how I got that foot—it's a glorious battle wound now. By the way, we aren't discussing child psychology, but do you know what finally brought Alan to his senses about me? The hairbrush, gently but firmly applied. And the hairbrush method goes for everybody in my house, whenever I consider it necessary. Is that understood?"

"Y-yes, dear."

"Then run along and get the kid, and make it snappy. And—Lauraine——"

"Yes, dear?"

"Don't look so tragic, darling. At least I know that all the idiotic plans you schemed were made because you loved me and wanted the best for me, so there's hope for us. You know now that a man can have courage for himself, and his wife, and his children—but he hasn't the courage to stand up to a wife who has no faith in him. But it's working itself out, as you said, like a film. The happy ending is in sight."

(Copyright)

Let's hope it won't be long now—

The rewards of six years of struggle and sacrifice are in sight. Not the least of them will be an unrestricted return to the comfort and youthful contour imparted by Lady Ruth Practical Front Corsets and Charma Underlift Brassieres.

Lady Ruth

PRACTICAL FRONT CORSETS AND Charma Underlift Brassieres

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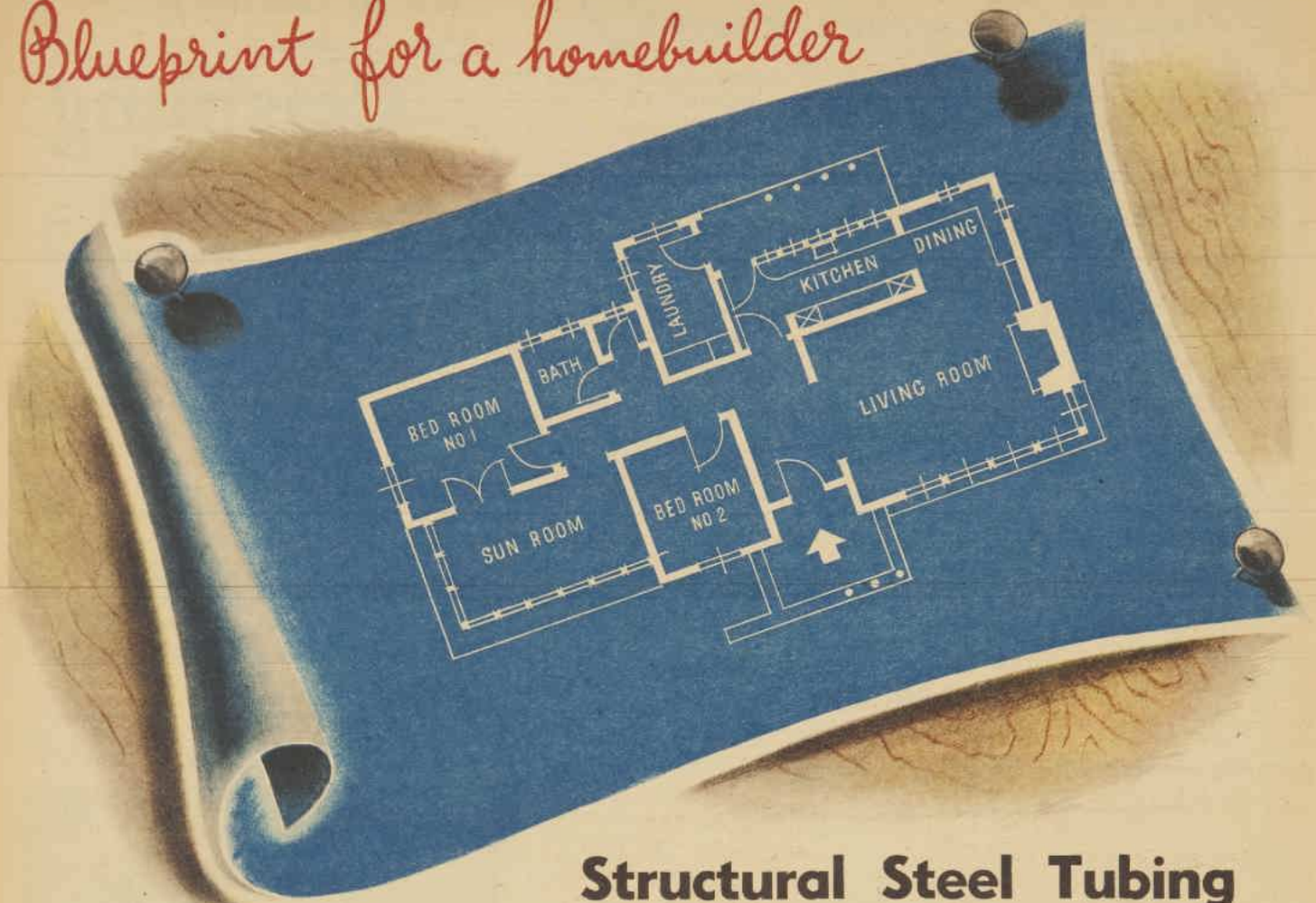
Blueprint for a homebuilder



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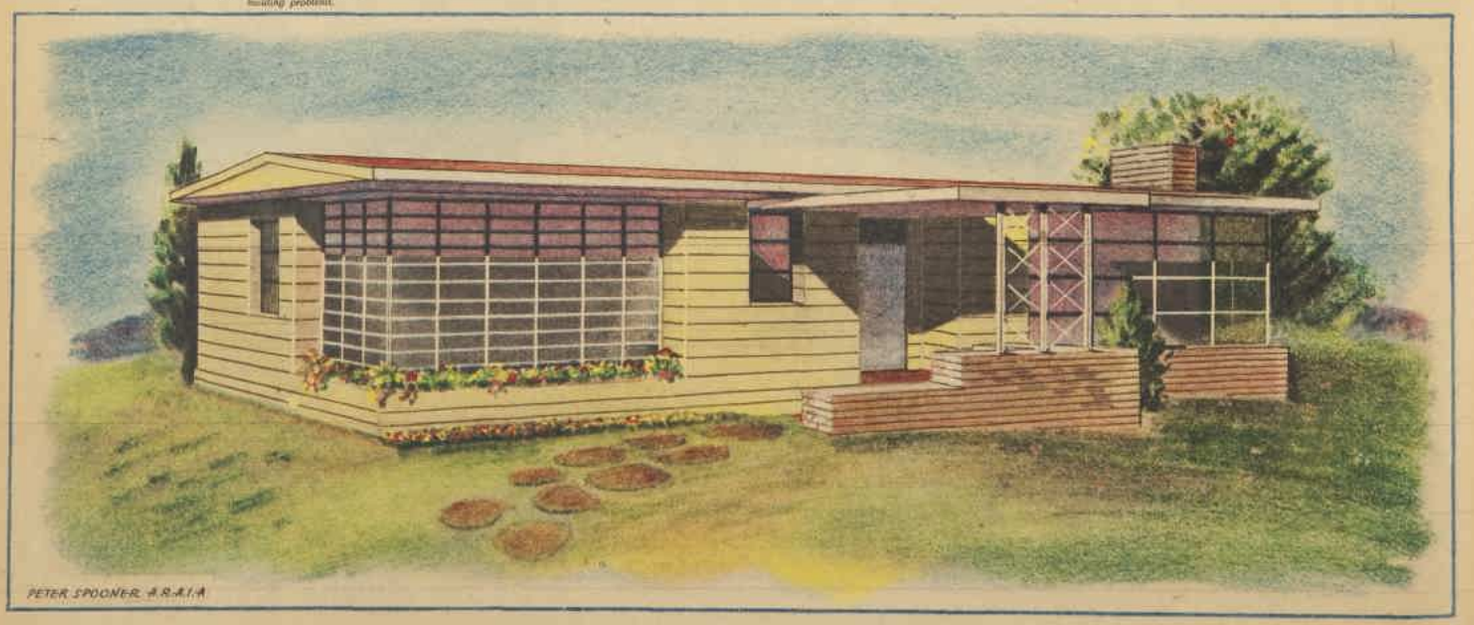

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ALTHOUGH PARIS says the court shoe has returned with its "elegant" high heel, don't be foolish and teeter round on stilts all day, and every day . . You'll pay a bitter price in health and in looks if you do. The summer shoes pictured above are cool, smart for off-duty hours.

BEAUTY AT YOUR FEET

● Tired, aching feet menace both health and looks. Do care for them — here's help.

By MARY ROSE—Our Beauty Expert

ONE of the most important points is to see that you are wearing sensible, correct fitting shoes. Most stores these days have measuring machines, so there is no excuse for wearing a shoe that is deficient in length or width. And keep your very high heels for important dates, wear "lowies" for work, they're smart and do so much more for your carriage.

See that your stockings or sockettes are not too short for you; nothing is worse for the feet than to be cramped into a small space. Then, before putting them on in the morning, sprinkle the feet and between the toes freely with foot powder, especially if they perspire.

After a hot day in town it's always a relief to be able to come home and put the old feet up. But before doing this, give them six alternate hot and cold water plunges, and massage them with cream—yes, the cream you use on your face is wonderfully soothing for your feet. Then take each toe in turn between finger and thumb and revolve it from the socket where it joins the foot.

If the feet feel uncomfortably swollen try an epsom salts bath, or rub with methylated spirit or toilet eau-de-cologne. Incidentally, before a hard day's shopping in town it's a good idea to give them a rub with methylated spirit—this will keep them cool and fresh.

A pedicure is just as important as a manicure, so see that you give yourself one at least once a week. And remove those callouses by soaking feet in warm water and rubbing with a pumice stone.

PAMPER YOUR FEET, especially in summer. Brenda Joyce, 20th Century-Fox star, pictured above, never fails to rub in a little toilet eau-de-cologne daily. Feet also get a daily massage with cream.

FANCY-SHAPED BED OF NEMESIAS with the variety "Heavenly Blue" on the outside. This hardy, beautiful flower makes a fine spring display.

Sow these now!

● Spring seems a long way off at present, yet this is the time of the year when we sow seeds of many hardy annuals, biennials and perennials—

says OUR HOME GARDENER

HARDY annuals that may be sown now include primulas, Iceland poppies, calendulas, stocks, phlox, lupins, cinerarias, clarkias, cornflowers, godetias, nemesias, larkspurs, leptosynes, pansies, sweet peas.

Biennials that may be sown now include Canterbury bells, foxgloves, sweet williams, and sweet wivelsfields, snapdragons, dianthus, forget-me-nots, scabiosa, wallflowers, and hollyhocks.

Some of the most beautiful perennials for present sowing include columbines, michaelmas daisies, delphiniums, gaillardias, geums, heucheras, pentstemons, mimulus, perennial phlox, and many border plants.

Sowing of these plants can be delayed until February or March in the warmer parts of the Commonwealth, but where early frosts are experienced, late summer to early autumn is the best time.

The theory is that seeds sown at this time will develop into plants large and strong enough to be set out in their flowering quarters in early autumn.

It is possible to sow them in open beds in many parts of Australia, but where this is impracticable they should be sown in seedboxes of well-prepared soil. The open ground is usually best for large-seeded plants and those that develop deep roots very quickly.

The best type of soil for seedboxes and beds is made up of two parts of good garden soil, one part leafmould, and two parts of sand. This should be mixed well together.

Sow the seed thinly on top of this firmed soil and cover lightly with well-sieved old manure and sandy soil in equal parts. The manure must be well decayed.

Firm the surface again after covering the seeds in order to force them to make close contact with the seedbed, and water very lightly with a fine-rosed can or atomiser until soaked right through.

Cover with a sheet of glass and a newspaper until the seeds germinate and then remove the paper. Gradually harden off by raising the glass a little each day.

Shade young plants on fiercely hot days and do not transplant until they are strong and hardy enough to withstand the shock. A cloudy day after rain is the best time.

CINERARIAS do well on the semi-shady side of the garden, where their brilliant, daisy-like flowers last a long time, and provide a gorgeous show.

CALENDULAS or English marigolds are obtainable in several colors, the bright gold and brilliant yellows probably being the best. They are hardy in all except the coldest districts.

Stuart Crystal

What a shame it is that so many wartime brides have had to forgo the pleasure of owning Stuart Crystal! But perhaps Mother could be persuaded to part with a few cherished pieces until shops are stocked again!

STUART & SONS LTD., STOURBRIDGE, ENGLAND.
Australia: L. J. Wahlen & Co., Tasmania House, Flinders Lane, Melbourne. 210, Clarence St., Sydney.

PICTURE STORY

Wide awake

Wide of the mark

Wide open for trouble

Sleep you must—and you also must feel *alive* to-morrow. Just drink a cup of hot Horlicks last thing before bed. Soon you will drop off into a deep, restful sleep. Of course, some people who sleep fairly well still wake up tired. Here's why—

35,000 heartbeats while you sleep!

All the time you're sleeping, your body burns up energy, keeping your heart and lungs at work. Unless energy is replaced, you wake tired.

A cup of Horlicks before bed restores this lost energy. It pours proteins into you for repairing body tissues — and carbohydrates to build new energy. You'll wake full of life—ready for anything—when you take Horlicks.

Simply add hot water and mix well. In handy glass jars, or tins, 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in country.)

Get HORLICKS to-day

SLEEP to-night — More ENERGY to-morrow

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To *be* well . . you must

SLEEP WELL

Don't let tiredness spoil your looks . . .

. . . sleep better, wake fresher with the aid of delicious Bourn-vita at bedtime

How often do you wake up fresh as a daisy . . . with the feeling of having had a marvellous night's rest? Few people regularly experience such a feeling . . . except when they are away on holidays and have put their cares behind them. On most mornings of the year they wake tired-eyed and only half-rested . . . reluctant to get up and face the duties of the day.

If you are like that, why not do something about it? To be well you must sleep well. Lack of proper rest quickly shows in a woman's face . . . and in a man's work. If you are an ordinary normal person there is no secret to securing the restful, healthy sleep you need. It is largely a matter of following a simple regular custom that is practised in hospitals and convalescent homes, where doctors and nurses have the problem of ensuring sleep for patients who find it difficult to sleep of a night. That simple custom is to take the nourishing drink, Cadbury's Bourn-vita, just before "lights out".

Contrary to old ideas, modern medical science advocates the taking of nourishment before retiring, provided, of course, that such nourishment is in a light, easily digestible form. Doctors know that when you go to bed long after the evening meal, your stomach often contains insufficient nourishment to sustain your body through the hours of the night ahead. While you may think that your body does not use up energy while you are lying asleep, it is a scientific fact that your body uses up more energy during the first hour of sleep than in an ordinary waking hour. Unless your stomach contains the required amount of nourishment from which your body can draw that energy, sleep is slow in coming, and fitful and restless when you *do* succeed in falling off.

A cup of delicious Cadbury's Bourn-vita taken at bedtime has a twofold effect. Firstly, the calcium and phosphorus it contains soothe and relax your taut nerves. Secondly, its nourishing qualities quickly provide the energy your body needs. This nourishment in Cadbury's Bourn-vita comes from the natural protective foods from which it is made — full cream milk, fresh eggs and barley malt, with the addition of energising chocolate. This highly nutritious food-drink contains vitamins A, B and D, as well as the minerals calcium, phosphorus and iron.

Importantly, it is easily digestible, being particularly rich in diastase, the element in a food which governs how digestible it is. Cadbury's Bourn-vita will not tax the most delicate digestion. Finally, Cadbury's Bourn-vita is simplicity itself to prepare. Simply place two teaspoonfuls of crisp Bourn-vita granules in a cup or glass of milk. Stir! It requires only a moment or two of preparation to make your regular nightcap of Bourn-vita, which you may make with hot or cold milk as you prefer.

Buy some Cadbury's Bourn-vita immediately. Drink it each night before retiring — every night for a month. You will sleep better after the very first night and feel a sense of heightened well being as the days pass. Remember the name — Bourn-vita — made by Cadbury's from full-cream milk, fresh eggs, barley malt and chocolate, in the model Cadbury factory in the country surroundings of Claremont, Tasmania.

Cadbury's BOURN-VITA

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Holiday Food

● It is time for being clever, for serving up party leftovers in cordon bleu concoctions, for working miracles with emergency cupboard stores, for whipping up meals for the day before the dew is off the grass.

By OLWEN FRANCIS
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

FOR GARDEN LUNCHEON, evening party: Cream cheese salad loaf.

SHARE the holiday with your family. Make meals exciting highlights of the day's programme . . . but don't make them a burden.

The secret is planning ahead.

Look up your standard recipes for brawn, for jelly, sweet, and savory, and make the most of stores on hand.

CREAM CHEESE SALAD LOAF

One small sandwich loaf, 1lb. cream cheese, ½ cup milk, 3 hard-boiled eggs, ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ teaspoon onion (or less), 1 tablespoon chopped mint, 2 tomatoes, 1 teaspoon onion, little mayonnaise, pepper and salt, salad greens.

Cut crusts from the bread and slice in three lengthwise. Beat milk into the cheese until it is the right spreading consistency but not wet. Chop eggs and combine with mayonnaise, very little onion and mint, and season to taste. Remove skin from tomatoes, slice thinly, and season with onion, pepper and salt.

Sandwich the loaf with layers of egg filling and tomato filling, moistening tomato layer with mayonnaise. Cover the whole loaf with cream cheese and chill for 1 hour. Serve on platter and cut in slices. Serve salad greens. Try other fillings. Delicious with minced chicken and celery. Suitable for a buffet meal. For four to six.

RICH LEMON CREAM PIE

Five eggs, 1 cup castor sugar, ½ cup lemon juice, crisp pastry-case.

Separate yolks and whites. Beat egg-yolks, sugar, and lemon juice together. Cook over hot water for a few minutes, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Cool slightly, and lightly fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into baked pastry-case. Serve cold. For six. May be topped with chopped walnuts.

JELLIED FRUIT FLAN

One baked pastry-case, 1 pint jelly (made from lemon or strawberry jelly crystals), 2 cups sliced fruit in season (fresh or stewed), 1 tablespoon biscuit, cake, or breadcrumbs.

Make the jelly; cool, and when just beginning to set, fold in the prepared fruit. Sprinkle crumbs on bottom of crisp, baked pastry-case, and spoon jelly on top. When firm, cut in wedges, sprinkling top if liked with chopped nuts.

CHERRY MERINGUE

One quart cherries, 1 cup sugar, pinch salt, 1½ tablespoons flour, 3 egg-whites, ½ cup castor sugar, ½ teaspoon almond essence, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Wash cherries, pitting if pitter is available. Place (still wet) in oven tableware dish. Mix in sugar, salt, and flour, adding 2 tablespoons water. Cover and bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) until tender, about 30 minutes.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, adding castor sugar gradually. Add essence. Drop in 6 mounds on cherries, and bake in a very slow oven until lightly browned. For six.

CHICKEN AND TOMATO LOAF

Three cups tomato juice, 1 teaspoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons gelatine, ½ cup water, 1 cup minced chicken (eked out with bread-seasoning if necessary), ½ cup chopped ham (may be omitted if not available), ½ cup mayonnaise, pepper and salt, salad greens.

Combine tomato juice, onion, and sauce. Season to taste with pepper and salt, and heat. Soften 3 dessertspoons gelatine in water, and dissolve in tomato juice. Pour half tomato juice into an oiled loaf-tin, and chill until firm.

Dissolve remaining gelatine in 2 tablespoons water over boiling water, add to combined chicken, ham, and mayonnaise. Season to taste, and pour on to firm layer of tomato. Chill until firm, and pour remaining tomato juice into the loaf-tin. When required, unmould and serve with salad greens. Delicious with minted potato salad, celery curls, and shredded lettuce tossed in clear dressing. For four.

WALDORF MELON SALAD

Two canteloupe melons, 1 cup diced fresh peaches, 1 cup diced celery, 1½ tablespoons white vinegar or lemon juice, ½ cup creamy mayonnaise, ½ cup chopped nuts, few crisp mint sprigs.

Ice melons, cut each in two, scooping centre. Combine diced peach and celery and marinate in vinegar or lemon juice for 10 minutes, chilling well. Drain and pile into melon. Sprinkle with nuts, top with mayonnaise at last minute before serving, and garnish with mint sprigs. Serve icy cold as appetiser salad.

AND TRY THESE

LITTLE COLD CHICKEN PIES, crisp covered and creamy, with salad greens . . . short pastry for crust and shredded chicken in a well-seasoned white sauce.

Hot curried turkey, prefaced by iced melon, and followed by ice-cream . . . Shred the cooked turkey, heat in a brown curry sauce, add tiny new potatoes and diced marrow; smother the savory concoction with freshly chopped parsley.

Chicken and Celery Mayonnaise: Combine equal quantities of diced, cooked chicken and celery, bind with mayonnaise, season carefully, pile into lettuce cups and garnish with hard-boiled egg.

Seafood Salad: Pile flaked, cooked fish, diced celery, and chopped hard-boiled egg in centre of platter. Sprinkle with lemon juice or vinegar, and just before serving top with smooth, creamy mayonnaise . . . surround with sliced lettuce heart, tomato, cucumber, and onion slices.

Baby Cucumber Boats: Slice small cucumbers lengthwise, scoop, season, and chill. Pill with minced chicken, or flaked fish mixed with soft bread-crumbs and mayonnaise; dust with paprika and parsley.

American Chicken Biscuits for a hungry family after an early morning swim . . . make big feather-light scones, split, and just before serving top with shredded chicken and celery in a thick cream sauce . . . may be topped again with grated cheese and slipped back into hot oven to glaze.

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ICE-CREAM FOR EVER, smiles Adele Jergens, Columbia Star. Try an easy one: 1 pint velvet-smooth egg-custard, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind. Fold in two stiffly beaten egg-whites, whisk for 5 minutes, and freeze.

SALADS *and* SWEETS

● Summer weather dishes make headlines . . . a salad meat to balance the after-Christmas budget, a mould to glorify leftovers, delectable little sweets. All win cash prizes for readers in our popular recipe contest.

EACH recipe is a winner, sound in proportion, easy to make, delicious to eat. Can you do better? All right! Send it in next week to our regular weekly recipe competition.

SAVORY FLAPJACK

Three mutton flaps, 1 sheep's kidney, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon mixed chopped parsley and herbs (thyme, sage, or both), 2 cups fine breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, 1 dessertspoon good beef dripping, 2 rashers bacon.

Chop kidney and onion as finely as possible; trim and cut the bacon into small pieces. Add herbs and breadcrumbs. Season and mix with dripping. Place flaps skin side downwards on board and remove bones with a sharp knife. Spread seasoning over each flap, placing one on top of the other. Roll and tie securely. Place in hot oven and then bake very slowly (325deg. F.) for about 2 hours. Remove string when cold and slice meat before serving. Serve with salad.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Edwards, 8 Clift St., Belmont, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

CHICKEN CREAM SALAD

Half pint white sauce, 2 cups chopped cooked chicken (or minced lamb or rabbit), 1 cup cooked green peas (or celery or asparagus or mushrooms), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pepper and salt, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, ½ cup boiling water.

Combine sauce, chicken, green peas, and parsley. Season to taste and add gelatine dissolved in boiling water. Chill in individual moulds and when serving turn out and serve with salad vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss P. M. Sheridan, Private Bag, Donald, Vic.

PINEAPPLE FLUMMERY

Peelings of 1 pineapple, 2 cups water, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon gelatine, juice of 1 lemon, 1 level tablespoon flour blended with 1 cup water.

Place washed pineapple peelings in pan with water and sugar and boil 20 minutes. Strain, add dissolved gelatine in this liquid. Add lemon juice. Stir in blended flour and bring to boil. When cool whisk until thick and foamy. Chill and serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Elbour, 414 Malabar Rd., Maroubra Bay, N.S.W.

SUNGOLD SPONGE

One cup apricot pulp, 1 cup apricot juice, 1 or 2 eggs, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, sugar or honey to taste.

Beat egg-yolks and add to apricot juice, add lemon juice, sweeten to taste, and cook over boiling water until slightly thickened. Add pulp and gelatine softened in cold water and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Beat egg-whites until stiff and fold into the mixture. Chill and serve with ice-cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Bishop, 55 Anzac Avenue, Toowoomba, Qld.

CHERRY PIE

Eight ounces shortcrust, 1lb. cherries, 2 tablespoons honey, juice and rind ½ lemon.

Cook cherries till tender in honey, lemon juice, and rind and about ½ cup water. Line tart-plate with half the pastry. Fill with stewed cherries, moisten edges, and cover with remaining pastry. Glaze and bake 10 minutes in a hot oven, then reduce heat and cook further 15 to 20 minutes. When cold may be frosted with a thin glaze of lemon icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. McHue, 196 Darby St., Cook's Hill, Newcastle, N.S.W.

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A "Dairy" IN YOUR KITCHEN!

SUNSHINE FULL CREAM POWDERED MILK SOLVES A HOST OF PROBLEMS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

It's like having your own private dairy when you have a tin of Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk. You can have pure, fresh milk, in any required quantity — just when you need it!

Sunshine Powdered Milk is pure, full cream country milk, from which only the water has been extracted. Restore the water as directed on the tin, and you have pure, creamy liquid milk once more.

You can use Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk for every dish in which milk is required — for nourishing soups, delicious puddings, custards, cakes and pastries. Use it for milk drinks, for every cup of tea and coffee.

You'll find it perfect: you'll find it economical, too. There is no waste. You prepare only as much as you immediately need.

Remember that the contents of a 12 ounce tin of Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk will make a half-gallon of full cream liquid milk.

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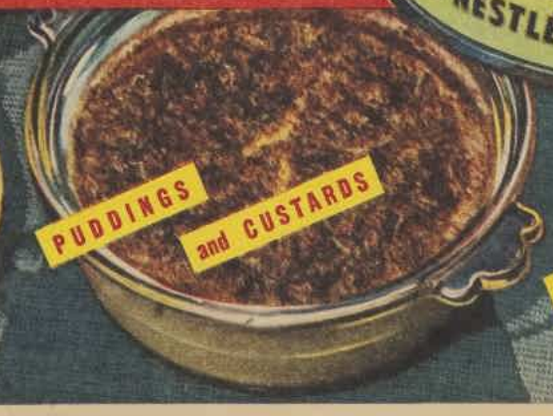

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The Australian Women's Weekly

BOOK OF HOME-MADE TOYS FOR CHILDREN

- *Few copies of this 48-page book still available*
- *from newsagents or from the offices of*
- *The Australian Women's Weekly, price 1/-.*

For that smart glistening white finish, just moisten your shoes, squeeze out a dab of KIWI here and there, and then spread evenly with a moist sponge or a soft cloth. KIWI White won't easily rub off . . and it dries quickly, evenly and glistening white.

One Year Later

Continued from page 10

THINGS after that became difficult. He was busy—very busy. It was quite impossible to give as much time to Rosemary, and the trying thing was that she didn't seem able to understand. She came out with sudden, unreasonable demands. Couldn't he go abroad to the south of France and she'd meet him there. Or go to Sicily or Corsica—one of those places where you never saw anyone you knew. Stephen said grimly that there was no such place in the world.

And then she said something that frightened him. "Well, but it wouldn't really matter, would it?"

He was alert, watchful, suddenly cold within. "What do you mean?"

She was smiling up at him, that same enchanting smile that had once made his heart turn over. Now it made him merely impatient.

"Leopard, darling, I've thought sometimes that we're stupid to go on trying to carry on this hole-and-corner business. It's not worthy, somehow. Let's go away together. Let's stop pretending. George will divorce me, and your wife will divorce you, and then we can marry."

Just like that. Disaster. Ruin. And she couldn't see it. He looked at her with eyes from which the last traces of scales had fallen. A lovely creature with the brains of a hen. He'd been mad—utterly and completely mad. But he was sane again now. And he'd got to get out of this fix. Unless he was careful, she'd ruin his whole life.

He said all the things that hundreds of men had said before him. They must end it all—so he wrote. It was only fair to her. He couldn't risk bringing unhappiness on her. She didn't understand, and so on. It was all over—he must make her understand that.

But that was just what she refused to understand. It wasn't to be so easy as that. She adored him. She loved him more than ever. She couldn't live without him. The only honest thing was for her to tell her husband, and for Stephen to tell his wife the truth. He remembered how cold he had felt as he sat holding her letter. The little fool. The silly, clinging fool. She'd go and blab the whole thing to George Barton, and then George would divorce her and cite him as co-respondent.

A kind of blind rage rose up in him. How on earth was he to keep her quiet? To shut her mouth? Nothing short of a dose of poison would do that, he thought bitterly. Rosemary was down with flu at the moment. He'd sent conventional inquiries, a big bouquet of flowers. It gave him a respite. Next week, Sandra and he were dining with the Bartons—a birthday party for Rosemary.

Rosemary had said, "I shan't do anything until after my birthday. It would be too cruel to George. He's making such a fuss about it. He's such a dear. After it's all over we'll come to an understanding."

Supposing he were to tell her brutally that it was all over, that he no longer cared? He must think of something.

It's a pity, he thought grimly, that we aren't living in the days of the Borgias.

A glass of poisoned champagne was about the only thing that would keep Rosemary quiet. Yes, he had actually thought that. Cyanide of potassium in her champagne glass. Cyanide of potassium in her evening bag. Depression after influenza. And across the table, Sandra's eyes meeting his. Nearly a year ago—and he couldn't forget.

Sandra Farraday had not forgotten Rosemary Barton. She was thinking of her at this very minute—thinking of her, slumped forward across the table in the restaurant that night. She remembered her own sharp, indrawn breath and how, then, looking up, she had found Stephen watching her.

Had he read the truth in her eyes? Had he seen the hate and the mingling of horror and triumph? Nearly a year ago now, and as fresh in her mind as if it had been yesterday. "Rosemary, that's for remembrance." How horribly true that was. It was no good—a person being dead if she lived on in your mind. That was what Rosemary had done.

In Sandra's mind—and in Stephen's, too? She didn't know, but she thought it probable.

The Luxembourg—that hateful place with its excellent food, its deft, swift service, its luxurious setting. An impossible place to avoid—people were always asking you there. She would have liked to forget, but everything conspired to make her remember. Even Fairhaven was no longer exempt, now that George Barton had come to live at Little Priors.

It was really rather extraordinary of him. George Barton was altogether an odd man. Not at all the kind of neighbor she liked to have. His presence at Little Priors spoiled for her the charm and peace of Fairhaven.

Always, up to this summer, it had been a place of healing and rest, a place where she and Stephen had been happy—that is, if they ever had been happy. Her lips pressed thinly together. Yes, a thousand times, yes! They could have been happy but for Rosemary.

It was Rosemary who had shattered the delicate edifice of mutual trust and tenderness that she and Stephen were beginning to build.

Something, some instinct, had bade her hide from Stephen her own passion, her single-hearted devotion. She had loved him from the moment he came across the room to her that day at Kidderminster House, pretending to be shy, pretending not to know who she was. For he had known.

She could not say when she had first accepted that fact. Some time after their marriage, one day when he was expounding some neat piece of political manipulation necessary to the passing of some bill. The thought had flashed across her mind then: This reminds me of something. What? Later she realised that it was, in essence, the same tactics he had used that day at Kidderminster House.

She accepted the knowledge without surprise, as though it were something of which she had long been aware, but which had only just risen to the surface of her mind.

From the day of their marriage she had realised that he did not love her in the same way as she loved him. But she thought it possible that he was actually incapable of such a love.

That power of loving was her own unhappy heritage. To care with a desperation, an intensity that was, she knew, unusual among women. She would have died for him willingly. She was ready to lie for him, scheme for him, suffer for him. Instead, she accepted with pride and reserve the place he wanted her to fill. He wanted her co-operation, her sympathy, her active and intellectual help. And she did believe honestly that he liked her, that he took pleasure in her company. She foresaw a future in which her burden would be immeasurably lightened—a future of tenderness and friendship.

In this way, she thought, he loved her. And then Rosemary came. She wondered sometimes, with a wry, painful twist of the lips, how it was that he could imagine that she did not know.

She had known from the first minute—up there at St. Moritz when she had first seen the way he looked at the woman.

It was difficult, she thought dispassionately, to assess the suffering she had been through. Enduring torture day after day, with nothing to carry her through but her belief in courage and her own natural pride.

She would not show, she would never show, what she was feeling. She lost weight, grew thinner and paler. She forced herself to eat, but could not force herself to sleep. She lay long nights with dry eyes, staring into darkness. She despised the taking of drugs as weakness. She would hang on.

To show herself hurt, to plead, to protest—all those things were abhorrent to her.

She had one crumb of comfort, a meagre one—Stephen did not wish to leave her. Granted that that was for the sake of his career, not out of fondness for her, still the fact remained. He did not want to leave her.

Some day, perhaps, the infatuation would pass. What could he, after all, see in the girl?

She was convinced that the main interest in his life was his work. He was marked out for great things, and he knew it. He had a fine, statesmanlike brain and he delighted in using it. It was his appointed task in life. Surely once the infatuation began to wane, he would realise that fact?

There was a moment when she had hope. They went down to Fairhaven. Stephen seemed more his normal self. She felt suddenly a renewal of the old sympathy between them. Hope rose in her heart.

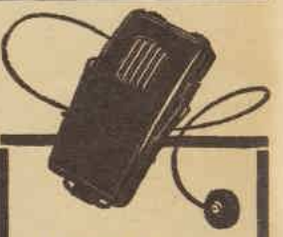
Then they went back to London, and Stephen relapsed. He looked haggard, worried, ill. He began to be unable to fix his mind on his work. She thought she knew the cause. Rosemary wanted him to go away with her. He was making up his mind to take the step—to break with everything he cared about most. Folly. Madness.

He must know that himself, deep down. Yes, but Rosemary was very lovely, and very stupid.

Soon after that, Rosemary went down with flu. A little hope rose in Sandra's heart. Suppose she were to get pneumonia—people did after flu—a young friend of hers had died that way only last winter. If Rosemary were to die——

She did not try to repress the thought; she was not horrified at herself. She was medieval enough to hate with a steady and untroubled mind. She hated Rosemary Barton.

Please turn to page 39



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CHICKEN-POX...highly infectious

By MEDICO

"MY three-year-old is covered with little blisters, doctor. What should I do for him?" asked Mrs. Beckwith. "They only came out yesterday."

Jimmy had spots on his chest and back. There had been several crops. Those that had first come out were small, red, oval lumps about a quarter the size of a pea seed. The older ones had developed a small blister on the tip, and later this blister had dried up to a small scab, having a head of pus underneath. He had a mild temperature, but was little affected in his general health. There were a few spots in his armpits.

"Can you stop the rash from spreading?" asked Mrs. Beckwith.

"There will be further crops of spots for the next few days. They will appear on his neck, face, legs, and arms," I told her.

"Jimmy has chicken-pox. It is the most infectious of all diseases, but there are practically no complications and he will only be slightly off-color."

"It couldn't be smallpox, could it, doctor? Jimmy hasn't been vaccinated."

"He would be much more seriously ill in himself if it were. The spots would start on his forehead, wrists, and back of his head. His face, hands, and front of his legs would be the most thickly spotted. The scales on the spots would have much more pus in them," I said. "But I think he should be vaccinated all the same."

"Is there any medicine which will cure him?" she asked.

"The infection will run its course, and there is no medicine which has any effect," I said. "Our main concern is to stop Jimmy from scratching the spots and to minimise the slight scarring which commonly results.

"A dusting powder of equal parts of starch, boracic, and zinc oxide will dry up the crusts. Twice a day he should have a warm bath colored pink with condy's crystals.

"Dissolve half a teaspoonful of crystals in a cup of hot water, let stand for half an hour, then add the purple liquid to the bath. Clean the bath afterwards with photographer's hypo and vinegar."

"How can I prevent the other children from catching it?" she inquired.

"By keeping Jimmy in bed for the first few days. He will be infectious for three weeks," I said.

"It's going to be difficult to keep him away from the other children all that time," said Mrs. Beckwith. "We haven't a spare room to keep him in."

"Chicken-pox is one of the rare exceptions to the quarantine rule," I said. "One attack always confers lifelong immunity. The disease is much milder in children than it is in adults. It is so highly infectious that nearly every child gets it, and it's really better that he should develop the immunity early.

"There is no artificial way of making a human immune, so I wouldn't worry about keeping Jimmy isolated once he feels well enough to be up and about."

STURDY AND HEALTHY and alike as two peas—Allan and Kevin, 3-year-old twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Springett, 16 Chiltern Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W. Twins, mother says, are blessed with good health.

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CLOSE-UP of one of the crochet points showing the charming network of the pattern.

Make them in a jiffy

• Sweet little collar and cuff points in easy-to-work crochet.

Materials: Coats' Mercer Crochet No. 60; 1 ball (10 or 20 gram) of white or selected color; No. 5 steel crochet hook (slack workers could use a No. 5½ hook and tight workers a No. 4½).

Tension: Four rows equals 1½in. approx.

Abreviations: Ch., chain; sl.-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble.

Commence with 44 ch.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, * 12 ch., 1 sl.-st. into 8th ch. from hook, 5 ch., miss 6 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch.; repeat from * 5 times more, 1 ch., turn.

2nd Row: * 5 d.c. over 5 ch., 5 d.c., 5 ch., 5 d.c. into loop, 5 d.c. over ch.; repeat from * 5 times more, 15 ch., turn.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into first loop of 5 ch., * 12 ch., 1 sl.-st. into 8th ch. from hook, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop of 5 ch.; repeat from * 4 times more, 1 ch., turn.

4th Row: As 2nd row, having one rep. less, ending with 1 sl.-st. into last d.c. of previous row before turning with 15 ch.

Rep. last 2 rows 4 times more, having less repeats each time, turning with 15 ch. as usual on last row.

Now commence to work 15-ch. loops up other side as follows:

1 d.c. into 5-ch. loop of last row, * 15 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop of previous row; rep. from * 5 times more, ending with 1 sl.-st. into foundation ch., 1 ch., turn.

Next Row: 5 d.c., 3 ch., 1 sl.-st. into last d.c. (this forms a picot), 5 d.c. picot, 5 d.c. picot, 5 d.c. into each loop all round, working 1 d.c. 1 picot at point, ending with 1 sl.-st. into d.c. of first row. Break off thread. Work other collar point to correspond. Do not break off thread at end of last row, but work as follows:

3 ch., 1 tr. into each st. along foundation, continue along other collar point to correspond. Turn back this row for sewing to garment.

Damp and press.

FROSTY WHITE crochet points lend charm to plain, dark dress.

PLANNING MEALS

By SISTER MARY JACOB

IN providing meals for your young and growing family, you must realise that there is more to it than merely satisfying their hunger.

Hunger can be satisfied by sweet and starchy foods to the exclusion of important "protective" foods needed for your children's growth and good nutrition.

Foods sometimes considered expensive may be economical as regards food value.

A leaflet giving some hints on economical food-planning to guide you in choosing various foods has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

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ENSIGN TIES THE BEST

One Year Later

Continued from page 36

How beautiful Rosemary had looked that night at the Luxembourg, with her pale fox furs slipping off her shoulders in the cloakroom. Thinner, paler since her illness—an air of delicacy made her beauty more ethereal. She had stood in front of the glass, touching up her face.

Sandra, behind her, looked at their joint reflection in the mirror. Her own face like something sculptured, cold, lifeless. No feeling there, you would have said—a cold, hard woman.

And then Rosemary said, "Oh, Sandra, am I taking all the glass? I've finished now. This horrid flu has pulled me down a lot. I look a sight. And I feel quite weak still, and headachy."

Sandra had asked with quiet, polite concern, "Have you got a headache to-night?"

"Just a bit of one. You haven't got an aspirin, have you?"

She had opened her handbag, taken out the little capsule of wafer sheet which enclosed the headache remedy. Rosemary had accepted it. "I'll take it in my bag, in case."

That competent dark-haired girl, Barton's secretary, had watched the little transaction. She came, in turn, to the mirror, and just put on a light dusting of powder. A nice-looking girl, almost handsome. Sandra had the impression that she didn't like Rosemary.

Then they had gone out of the cloakroom, Sandra first, then Rosemary, then Miss Lessing, and, of course, the girl Iris, Rosemary's sister, she had been there.

They had gone out and joined the men in the hall. And the head-waiter had come bustling forward and shown them to their table. They had passed in under the great domed arch, and there had been nothing, absolutely nothing, to warn one of them that she would never come out through that door again alive.

. . . . . .

Lucilla Drake was twittering. That was the term always used in the family, and it was really a very apt description of the sounds that issued from Lucilla's kindly lips.

She was concerned on this particular morning with many things, so many that she found it hard to pin her attention down to one at a time. There was the imminence of the move back to town and the household problems involved in that contended with a concern over Iris' looks.

"Really, dear, I feel quite anxious about you. You look so white and washed out—as though you hadn't slept. Did you sleep? If not, there's that nice sleeping preparation of Doctor Wylie's—or was it Doctor Gaskell's? Which reminds me. I shall have to go and speak to the grocer myself. Either the maids have been ordering things on their own or else it's deliberate swindling on his part. Packets and packets of soap flakes—and I never allow more than three a week . . .

"But perhaps a tonic would be better? There was some syrup they used to give when I was a girl. And spinach, of course. I'll tell cook to have spinach for lunch to-day."

Iris was too languid and too used to Mrs. Drake's discursive style to inquire why the mention of Doctor Gaskell should have reminded her aunt of the local grocer, though, had she done so, she would have received the immediate response, "Because the grocer's name is Cranford, my dear." Aunt Lucilla's reasoning was always crystal-clear to herself.

Iris merely said, with what energy she could command, "I'm perfectly well, Aunt Lucilla."

"Black under the eyes," said Mrs. Drake. "You've been doing too much."

"I've done nothing at all — for weeks."

"So you think, dear. But too much tennis is overtiring for young girls. And I think the air down here is inclined to be enervating. This place is in a hollow. If George had consulted me instead of that girl ——"

"Girl?"

"That Miss Lessing he thinks so much of. All very well in the office, I dare say, but a great mistake to take her out of the place. Encourage her to think herself one of the family. Not that she needs much encouragement, I should say."

"Oh, well, Aunt Lucilla, Ruth is practically one of the family."

Mrs. Drake sniffed. "She means to be — that's quite clear. Poor George, really an infant in arms where women are concerned. But it won't do, Iris. George must be protected from himself; and if I were you, I should make it very clear that, nice as Miss Lessing is, any idea of marriage is out of the question."

"Well, I couldn't get a shopping-bag."

Iris was startled for a moment out of her apathy. "I never thought of George marrying Ruth."

"You don't see what goes on under your nose, child. Of course you haven't had my experience of life." Iris smiled in spite of herself. Aunt Lucilla was really very funny sometimes. "That young woman is out for matrimony."

"Would it matter?" asked Iris. "I think you're right about her, you know. I think she is fond of him. And she'd be an awfully good wife to him and look after him."

Mrs. Drake snorted, and an almost indignant expression appeared on her rather sheeplike, amiable face. "George is very well looked after at present. What more can he want, I should like to know? Excellent meals and his mending seen to. Very pleasant for him to have an attractive young girl like you about the house, and when you marry, some day, I hope I shall still be capable of seeing to his comfort and looking after his health. Just as well or better than a young woman out of an office could do.

"What does she know about housekeeping? Figures and ledgers and shorthand and typing—what good is that in a man's home?"

Iris smiled and shook her head, but she did not argue the point. She was thinking of the smooth, dark satin of Ruth's head, of the clear complexion, and the figure so well set off by the severe tailor-mades that Ruth affected. Poor Aunt Lucilla, all her mind on comfort and housekeeping, with romance so very far behind her that she had probably forgotten what it meant—if, indeed, thought Iris, remembering her uncle by marriage, it had ever meant much.

Lucilla Drake had been Hector Marle's half-sister, the child of an earlier marriage. She had played the little mother to a very much younger brother when his own mother died. Housekeeping for her father, she had stiffened into a pronounced spinsterhood. She was close on forty when she met the Rev. Caleb Drake, himself a man of more than fifty. Her married life had been short—a mere two years—then she had been left a widow with an infant son.

Motherhood, coming late and unexpectedly, had been the supreme experience of Lucilla Drake's life.

Her son had turned out an anxiety, a source of grief and a constant financial drain, but never a disappointment. The pleasant, rather silly sheep's face hardened into obstinacy at any criticism of Victor.

She knew her own son. He was a dear boy, full of high spirits, and his so-called friends took advantage of him. She knew—none better—how Victor hated having to ask her for money. But when the poor boy was really in such a terrible situation, what else could he do?

All the same, as she admitted, George's invitation to come and live in the house and look after Iris had come as a godsend, at a moment when she really had been in desperate straits of genteel poverty. She had been very happy and comfortable this last year, and it was not in human nature to look kindly on the possibility of being superseded by an upstart young woman, all modern efficiency and capability, who, in any case, so she persuaded herself, would only be marrying George for his money.

Of course that was what she was after—a good home and a rich, indulgent husband.

Lucilla Drake nodded her head several times, then abandoned the subject for one equally interesting and possibly even more pressing.

"It's the blankets I can't make up my mind about, dear. You see, I can't get it clearly laid down whether we shan't be coming down again until next spring or whether George means to run down for week-ends. He won't say."

"I suppose he doesn't really know." Iris tried to give her attention to a point that seemed to her to be completely unimportant.

"Yes, dear, but one wants to know. Because, you see, if we aren't coming down until next year, then the blankets ought to be put away with moth balls. But if we are coming down, that wouldn't be necessary, because the blankets would be used —and the smell of moth balls is so unpleasant."

"Well, don't use them."

"Yes, but it's been such a hot summer that there are a lot of moths about. Everyone says it's a bad year for moths. And for wasps, of course. Hawkins told me yesterday he's taken thirty wasps' nests this summer—thirty, just fancy."

Iris thought of Hawkins, stalking out at dusk, cyanide in hand—Cyanide—Rosemary. Why did everything lead back to that?

To be continued

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